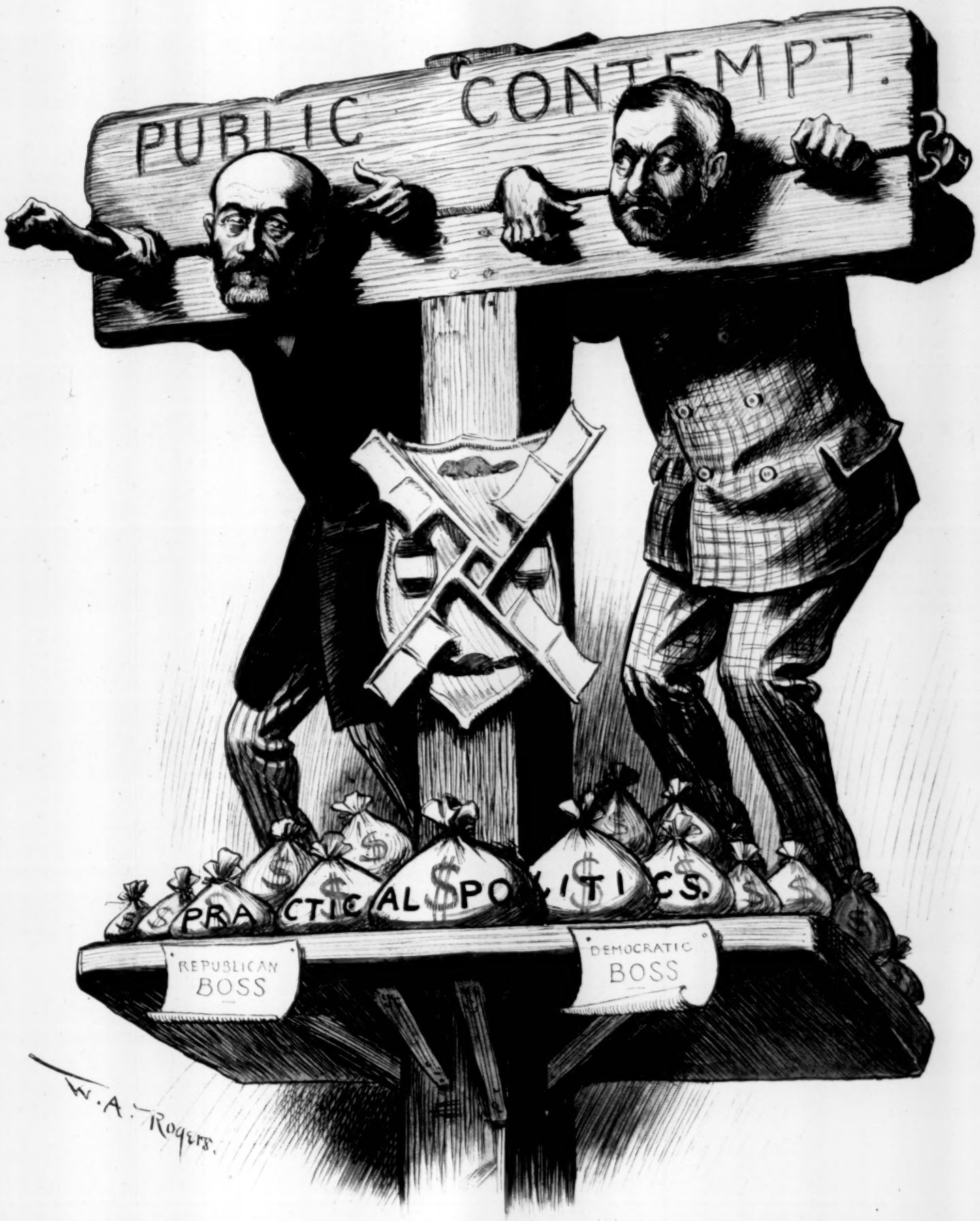
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 1999. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1895. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS. *All Rights Reserved.*



THE ONLY BIPARTISAN MACHINE THE PEOPLE WILL TOLERATE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 13, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE PRESIDENCY AND THE MONEY QUESTION.

THE national conventions of the two great political parties which are to nominate candidates for the Presidency will be held a little more than a year hence. The chances of success being, apparently at least, in favor of the Republican party, its Presidential possibilities are discussed with constantly increasing interest; and as the question whether the monetary system of this country is to be based on the gold or the silver standard will probably, until it is finally decided, remain the most important one before the American people, the position of the candidates with regard to this subject is of more than ordinary consequence.

Mr. MCKINLEY of Ohio is profoundly convinced that the Republican party owes the nomination for the Presidency to him as the nominal originator and the chief champion of the Republican tariff policy. The Democratic tidal wave in 1890 and the triumphant election of Mr. CLEVELAND in 1892 may have temporarily had the effect of shaking that conviction. But the Republican successes of last year have undoubtedly revived it; and Mr. MCKINLEY, inspired by a firm belief in his exalted destiny, is diligently engaged in a strenuous effort to impart the same belief to others. He may be considered an avowed candidate. Mr. MCKINLEY'S greatness consisting in his leadership as a high protectionist, he naturally wishes to keep the tariff question well to the front. But he has, by frequent public utterances denouncing the Democrats for their assumed "hostility to silver," given such unquestionable evidence of his leaning toward free silver coinage, and he has so briskly repelled the rumor which recently represented him as capable of refusing to stand as a Presidential candidate upon a Republican platform pronouncing for free coinage, that he may, without doing him injustice, be set down as a silver man. If he were made President, no silver legislation would encounter any serious obstacle in him.

Mr. BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana, is likewise conscious of a providential ordination to serve his country in the highest executive place of the government, and he considers his failure to be re-elected in 1892, no doubt, as an unaccountable temporary derangement of the order of the universe, which surely will rectify itself if given a fair chance. To this chance he thinks himself entitled, and he is so confident of a substantial agreement to the same effect among all sane and patriotic men that he awaits the inevitable return of a popular call for him with trustful expectation. He also wishes the tariff question, on which he has uttered some strikingly original notions of his own, to remain uppermost in the minds of the American people, and would be glad to be saved the vexation of a grapple with the monetary problem, concerning which his mind is ill at ease. He has at times, in a speech delivered at Albany for instance, given expression to views calculated to place him in the ranks of the sound-money men. But while in the Presidential chair he practically showed himself capable of extremely dangerous wobbling. It will not be forgotten that the silver-purchase law, commonly called the SHERMAN act, was passed, professedly, in order to obviate the passage of a free silver coinage bill; that this was done while Mr. HARRISON, as President, had the power to defeat a free coinage bill by his veto; that Mr. HARRISON'S own party friends, in resorting to the expedient of the SHERMAN act, thereby demonstrated either that they did not rely upon President HARRISON to use his veto, or that, in response to his wish, they relieved him of the embarrassing necessity of using that veto; and that President HARRISON signed the SHERMAN act, which has proved so prolific of disastrous mischief to the country. We risk nothing in saying that a President who acted thus at a critical moment would, had he been in Mr. CLEVELAND'S place two years ago, not have shown the aggressive fidelity to sound principle required to push through Congress the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act. He would at best have accepted some compromise like that engineered by Senator GORMAN, leaving a cloud of uncertainty hanging over the country. And if made President again, he could not at all be relied upon to treat the money question upon its own merits, firmly casting aside the blandishments of party politics, and planting himself, as Mr. CLEVELAND has done, like a rock between his country and financial ruin and disgrace. At present he maintains a discreet silence on the money question.

Mr. THOMAS B. REED, of Maine, who has evidently the material for a permanent Presidential candidate in him, but whose budding possibilities are seriously threatened with a spring frost by the dangerous eloquence of his friend Senator FRYE, who claims for him the paternity of the MCKINLEY tariff, and promises for him a repulsive harvest of war and piratical conquest, might have been regarded a year ago as, before all other Presidential candidates, *the* man in whose hands the financial honor of the country would be safe. But the glittering prize of the Presidency dangling before his eyes confused his virtue, and in an ill-fated hour, when, to the astonishment of all, the man reputed to be so courageous recoiled from the word "gold," he put his name on the list of the uncertain quantities, and lost the confidence of the sound-money men without gaining that of the silver fanatics. Moreover, he dallied with the bimetallic fancy, even to the extent of countenancing the harebrained scheme of the redoubtable LODGE to force Great Britain into bimetallism by an economic war. There is nobody now who would stake his honor upon what Mr. REED might do if put into the Presidential office.

Of all the Republican candidates named so far, there is only one who may be surely counted upon as a sound-money man. This is Governor LEVI P. MORTON, of New York. Whatever else may be said of him—that he is too old, or that he is too strong a partisan, although he has done some things as Governor which indicate that his partisanship is not too strong for his honor and good sense, or that he will be too much under the influence of Boss PLATT, although he may be shrewd enough to understand that Boss PLATT'S friendship is just as apt to kill a Presidential candidate as to strengthen him, and that it will be the safest policy to kill PLATT'S boss-ship—in any event, nobody doubts that he would stand up for the cause of sound money to the last. Whether this certainty will increase or diminish his chances of getting the nomination is another question. The majority of the candidates are evidently afraid of the silver movement, and more or less disposed to bend before it. This would seem to indicate a like disposition among the Republican politicians generally. There is therefore danger of new bargains and compromises, and of a Presidential campaign without any reliable sound-money candidate in the field. A few weeks ago we expressed the opinion that the surest way to force at least the Republican party into a decided sound-money attitude, and to make the nomination of a sound-money candidate like Governor MORTON probable, would be to organize the sound-money forces outside of the old parties for the declared purpose of nominating sound-money candidates of their own in case both of the old parties fail to do so; for then the sound-money vote would be bid for, instead of the silver vote. The fact that most of the Republican candidates stand at present in an uncertain light as to the money question greatly confirms us in that opinion.

SIGNS OF PROMISE.

THERE are encouraging signs in the conflict for municipal reform notwithstanding the almost daily revelations of the difficulties of the contest. In the first place, these revelations themselves are full of promise, for they are educational and stimulating. If the good citizens of New York and Chicago had not learned of the gross corruption of their partisan masters, they would not have revolted. The fact that the war is going on, and that it has been taken up in other cities than New York, is encouraging. The continued existence and activity of the Committee of Seventy in this city must give some hope to the most pessimistic of those who are accustomed to doubt the present and the future because they are always looking back to the failures of the past. The triumph of the people of Chicago over the Democratic "bosses" must encourage those who have feared that democratic institutions cannot be successfully applied to municipal government. The spread of the theory of non-partisanship in city affairs is another excellent sign.

Three satisfactory pieces of information greeted those who read the newspapers on the morning of the 3d of April. One was the news of the triumph of reform in Chicago, and the others were that Mayor STRONG had exposed the true financial condition which Tammany and its allies had created for New York, and that the Union League Club had issued an address to the Republican voters of the State urging them to exert their influence upon their Senators and Assemblymen to lead them to desert PLATT and to support Mayor STRONG in his effort to give to the city a non-partisan government.

The triumph in Chicago was noteworthy not only because it was a great victory over the iniquitous politicians of that city, who are apparently quite worthy to be associated with CROKER and PLATT, but because it placed every department of the city government under a civil service reform system. The people of the Western city have really accomplished more than the people of New York gained by their victory over CROKER and PLATT. Whether New York will eventually profit as much by its victory of last November remains to be seen. It is wholly dependent on the influence which may be exerted by Mayor STRONG and the decent Republicans of the city upon the constituents of such enemies of good government as LEXOW, O'CONNOR, and others. What is greatly important in the development of affairs in both cities is the growing sentiment among good citizens in favor of non-partisanship in municipal affairs. The right-thinking men of both parties came together in Chicago, as they did in New York, in a warfare upon the common enemy.

The message of Mayor STRONG to the Aldermen, with the accompanying report of Comptroller FITCH, is an exposition of the evils of bipartisanship. The address of the Union League Club, with Mr. ELIHU ROOT'S analysis of the city's vote, is an exposition of what may be accomplished by non-partisanship. The government of New York city has been bipartisan in a larger sense than that in which the word has recently been used. If the Comptroller's list is carefully read, the character of the bipartisanship which has afflicted New York will be readily understood. The Comptroller reports concerning $20,000,000 of bonds that have been authorized but not issued, and that did not appear in the finance report of last year. An examination of the items of this amount shows that they have been authorized by the Legislature, and that most of the laws which provide for an increase of the city's indebtedness are special. The Legislature of 1892 was Democratic, but most of the laws under which New York has been loaded with debt were enacted by Republican Legislatures. The city has been governed by a combination between Republican rural legislators at Albany and Tammany Democrats in the city. It is this combination which PLATT desires to maintain, and it is against such a combination that all good citizens must contend.

This combination between the bad elements of the two parties is found in every city. It gives the "boys" what they call a "sure thing." It enables the Republican "boss" to blackmail city corporations for "campaign funds," in consideration of friendly, or at least not hostile, legislation, and it enables the Democratic "boss" to levy his tribute in consideration of "protection" from the municipal authorities. No one in Chicago who is familiar with city politics expects anything better from "Buck" MCCARTHY, the Republican of the "stock-yard district," than from "Hinky Dink" KENNA, a Democrat. And the people of New York know perfectly well that PLATT is as bad a citizen as CROKER; that he would probably prefer CROKER, or GILROY, or any other Tammany man as Mayor to Mayor STRONG, or ELIHU ROOT, or any one of the well-known and respected citizens who signed the address of the Union League Club.

While bad men of both parties have preached the necessity of party loyalty to the good men, urging union on the ground that the Governorship or the Presidency was imperilled, and have succeeded in getting good citizens who are strong party men to support rascals for municipal offices on such flimsy grounds, they have never failed to be treacherous themselves when treachery to the State or national ticket would serve their greedy purpose. They have established a certain non-partisanship in municipal affairs for the purpose of robbery and oppression—a non-partisanship which has for its cardinal principle the election of the worst men. This kind of non-partisanship, which subordinates everything to corruption, PLATT and his crew in Albany, acting presumably with the assent and to the satisfaction of accomplice CROKER, are seeking to perpetuate by preventing the passage of reform measures, or by fixing it in the laws under the misleading name of bipartisanship. Bipartisanship, as it has existed in the partnership between the bad elements of the State and the city, is not real non-partisanship, indeed; it is simply thimble-rigging partisanship, designed to defeat all that is good and to profit all that is bad in both parties. To vote for a Republican mayoralty candidate at PLATT'S behest, or for a

Democratic candidate in obedience to an appeal of CROKER, is simply to play into the hands of these worthies, who will always vote as it behooves their enterprises, no matter what may be the political opinions of their candidate.

Non-partisanship, so far as it means the ignoring of party principles, has long been practised in municipal affairs by the bad elements who have now been beaten by the good citizens of New York and Chicago. Indeed, national politics has never been considered in city matters by the "Hinky Dinks," the "Bucks," the PLATTS, and the CROKERS, except for trading purposes. All that is asked of good citizens, therefore, is that they shall be as regardless of national issues in local affairs as their enemies have been. And the address of the Union League Club shows that this idea is becoming the accepted creed of decent Republicans, as it was shown to be that of some Democrats when they accepted Mr. STRONG as their candidate for Mayor. And this growth of non-partisanship among good citizens is the best sign of all that the struggle for municipal reform is far from hopeless.

THE SITE FOR OUR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ALTHOUGH the consolidation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries and the Tilden Trust is not yet accomplished, the public has assumed that compliance with the needful legal forms will not be long delayed, and discussion has naturally been aroused as to what ought to be the site of the new library. Of course there can as yet be no discussion that will settle anything, for the trustees of the new corporation are not even named; but it may be worth while to point out some of the difficulties in the way of a selection.

It is apparent that although neither Mr. TILDEN'S house, opposite Gramercy Park, nor the present Astor Library, in Lafayette Place, is suitable, yet the block of land on part of which the Lenox Library now stands is in many respects admirably adapted for the great library which is to be. It is an isolated piece of land, with streets on all four sides. It measures 201 feet by 420. It is almost as large as the area covered by the libraries and reading-room of the British Museum; it is twenty per cent. larger than the site of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and almost fifty per cent. larger than the site of the Boston Public Library. It is conspicuous from the Central Park. It stands high. It is not in a part of the city likely to be invaded by noisy traffic. It is near the museums of Art and Natural History. It has now upon it a very noble, solid, fire-proof library building, designed by Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT, which only needs to be extended in order to form a fitting home for the new library. It fronts upon two of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The Third Avenue Elevated Railway is not very distant. The underground railway along Park Avenue will probably have a station at Seventy-second Street, only a block away. And the new Long Island Bridge over Blackwells Island will have its terminus close at hand. There is only one serious disadvantage. The region lying west of the Central Park is cut off from easy access; and this is indeed a matter of some consequence, although what with the cross-town cars at Fifty-ninth and Eighty-sixth streets, and the cars along Madison Avenue, a route may be planned which will save the West Side student from much walking.

The impression that the site of the Lenox Library at Seventy-first Street is not sufficiently central has led to numerous suggestions of other sites; but before the trustees of the new corporation come to consider these suggestions they must first find out what price they can get for the land they already own. About one-half of the Lenox site, as Mr. CADWALADER has explained, is in the absolute control of the Lenox Trustees, and may be sold; but the other half is subject to the restriction that no buildings shall ever be erected thereon except extensions of or additions to the present library building. Now if these restrictions cannot be removed—and it is understood to be at least doubtful whether the present representatives of the LENOX family will grant the necessary consents—it is plain that only half the block can ever be sold. True, the part restricted is the least valuable portion of the block. But in selling the rest of the block, including the present building, the trustees would in effect be giving away about forty thousand square feet of land, worth, as prices go in that part of the city, more than six hundred thousand dollars. Nor is this all, for the present library building, erected at a cost of some six hundred thousand dollars, would also be given away, since it could add nothing to the value of the land for the purposes of sale.

In moving to another site the trustees would therefore have to throw away property worth about a million and a quarter of dollars—available for their uses, and worth that to them, but not available for any use by others; and they would be compelled to acquire similar property elsewhere at presumably about the same cost. A million and a quarter of dollars would, therefore, be the loss in purchasing another site.

Such a huge pecuniary sacrifice obviously excludes the possibility of acquiring another site by purchase. But, it has been suggested, why not acquire it by gift? Why not obtain from the city the necessary land in one of the parks? Or, better yet, why not let the Forty-second Street reservoir be taken down and replaced by the new library? The reservoir, it is justly said, covers more space than the library building would need, and the change in occupation would add to the park area of the city instead of diminishing it.

This last suggestion is undeniably attractive. The site of the reservoir has almost every advantage. It is ample in size, it is conspicuous, it is easily accessible. Indeed, from the point of view of library management it is only too accessible. One fears it would be overrun with every sort of idle person, with passengers waiting for a train at the Grand Central Station, with people who found it a convenient spot for a rendezvous. And the place is certainly noisy.

The main question, however, is whether a rich library, which has already adequate means, a beautiful and costly house in a good locality, and ample room for growth, ought to have given to it by the city a large tract of land that might otherwise be turned into a park. Public opinion, rightly, is always sensitive on the subject of encroachments on our parks, and we can hardly think that in this instance public opinion would favor the library.

CAN PAINS BE REMEMBERED?

IF an ordinary person who has at some time in his career experienced the miseries of toothache were asked if he remembers the pain in question, there is very little doubt as to what his response would be. Unquestionably he would say he remembered it. But this incautious admission might lead at once to controversial difficulties, for it appears that psychologists are in doubt as to whether any one can under any circumstances remember a toothache or any other pain.

It seems desirable to follow this statement at once with the assurance that it is not a joke. Psychologists, as a rule, are not humorists, and they have no thought of being funny when they assert that pains and other sensations cannot be remembered. Those of them who hold this view are strictly in earnest, and mean exactly what the words imply in their soberest sense. They are perfectly aware that we commonly speak of remembering pains, and suppose that we do remember them. But they contend that in such a case we remember not the pain itself, but the ideas that were associated with the pain. We remember, for example, that we were unable to work because we had a toothache; that we applied remedies to it unsuccessfully; that finally we went to a dentist and had the tooth extracted, and at once gained relief. All this we remember very vividly, as every one admits. But, it is said, we do not retain in our minds the slightest trace of the pain itself as a memory, or of the sensation of relief that came when the pain ceased.

To the person not accustomed to looking sharply into the darker corners of his own mind this will no doubt seem a very unnecessary splitting of hairs. But the psychologists do not so regard it. They are discussing the matter *pro* and *con* with a good deal of vigor, this being, indeed, one of the controversies that go to make up the current history of that world apart in which the philosophers live.

Another moot-point of perennial interest to the philosophers is the question as to what pain and pleasure really are, psychologically speaking. There is opportunity for whole dictionaries full of controversy on that question. And the discussions regarding it would be about as intelligible to the average reader as the cries of the operators on the Stock Exchange would be to the average philosopher.

All of which goes to show how devious are the fields of human interest.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AND THE WORKING-MAN.

THE passage by the Illinois Legislature of the civil service bill that was adopted by the people of Chicago at the election of April 2d, by a majority of 45,000, and that applies to every department of the city government, aroused the working-men of that city to an expression of opinion in favor of the reform. Some days before the election the Trade and Labor Assembly unanimously approved the recommendation of its legislative committee that all wage-earners should vote for it. As the *Inter-Ocean* truly said, "No class of men suffer more severely than the wage-earners from the corruption of civic politics." The working-men of Boston have discovered that business methods which give to all worthy laborers an equal opportunity for employment are best for them. The working-men in the navy-yards have learned a like lesson under the rules adopted by Secretary TRACY. And the working-men of New York will reach the same conclusion after the system has been in force in this city for a sufficient time. It is a cheering sign that the experiences of the men who have been employed under the new and better methods convinced the Trade and Labor Assembly of Chicago that the interests of all wage-earners in cities are promoted by civil service reform.

There is no device of government by means of which bad men thrive that does not oppress the honest poor. The old system of employing labor is the system of favoritism. Although we call it old, it remains the system which prevails in most of the cities of the country. New York is trying the better system which has been adopted in Boston and the navy-yards, and which Chicago is about to try. The system of favoritism is still strong, however, and it is likely to prevail for many years to come, unless it is dislodged by a strong popular sentiment. And such a sentiment must largely proceed from the wage-earners themselves. All good citizens, it is true, are interested in the triumph of sound principles in their civic affairs, but the working-men are most deeply interested of all in this particular reform, because they suffer most under the system of favoritism.

So long as the party "bosses" are permitted to select the laborers, to crowd the pay-rolls with their henchmen, or the relatives and favorites of their henchmen, honest working-men will find it always difficult and generally impossible to secure work. The man who has "a pull," or for whom the local captain or lieutenant has uses that are disgraceful to him, is the man to whom the "boss" will pay the city's money. He may be unfit for labor, or lazy, or drunken. That makes no difference, for effective work is not required of him. He buys his daily wage with his vote, and he and his fellows are the slaves of the politicians who purchase them and drive them to the polls at elections. In the mean time honest and self-respecting labor may go unemployed and hungry, for all the "bosses" care. Worse than this, they are the objects of police persecution, and, in this city at least, if they have occasion to demand the rights and the protection which the law, as we boast, grants to the rich and the poor alike, they are the victims of ignorant, corrupt, and brutal magistrates, who also know only those who have "a pull." There is perhaps no tyranny in all the world more degrading, more cruel, more oppressive, than that which is practised by the ignorant califs of New York and of some other cities, who treat the unknown and friendless poor petitioning for rights as they were wont to treat unprofitable customers of the bar-rooms from which they rose to the bench. Such men as these determine who shall work for the city under the system of favoritism. It ought not to be many years before all the wage-earners of the United States learn the lesson that has impressed itself upon the minds of the members of the Trade and Labor Assembly of Chicago, that civil service reform in municipal affairs will free the wage-earners from an odious despotism, and will benefit the honest man at the expense of the shirk.

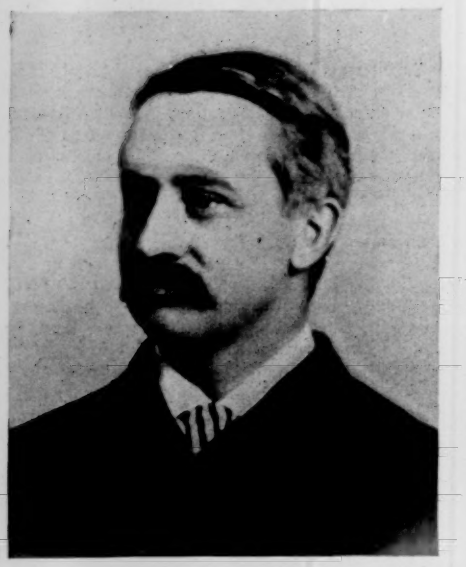
CALIFORNIA AND ITS MONOPOLY.

THE oppressive railroad tyranny of California, which was recently described by Mr. JULIAN RALPH in these columns, after a personal investigation made by him for the WEEKLY, seems likely to be brought to an end, if we are to judge from newspaper reports and comments. It is said that Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON has been indicted for violation of the inter-State commerce law, but the offence of which he may have been guilty under that statute may or may not involve any moral turpitude beyond that which always attaches to law-breaking. Beyond that, and much more important than that, the movement which Mr. RALPH described for the building of a new and competing road promises to be successful. The San Francisco *Call*, speaking of this movement, which is expected to bring so much relief to the State, and especially to the farmers of the rich San Joaquin Valley, says that out of the efforts and the "tireless, patient, dignified, and intelligent work" of the Traffic Association "grew the organization of a powerful company of capitalists to build a railroad from San Francisco to Bakersfield, in open competition with the Southern Pacific, and with the declared intention of reducing transportation charges to such a figure that the farmers of the San Joaquin Valley might thrive, a largely increased population be assured, and the growth and prosperity of San Francisco placed beyond doubt. . . . It is a revolt of the people and the death-knell of railroad power."

In the same paper we find that a grave charge has been made by Senator BIGGY to the effect that an alleged emissary of the Southern Pacific Railroad had sought to purchase his vote in behalf of the road; and the paper points to the fact that some Senators voted against the proposition to lease the State lands to the Joaquin Valley Railroad as matter of suspicion, and as possibly having some relation to the statement made by the Senator's tempter to the effect that his fellow-legislators were "standing in" for the railroad on the basis of the offer to Senator BIGGY.

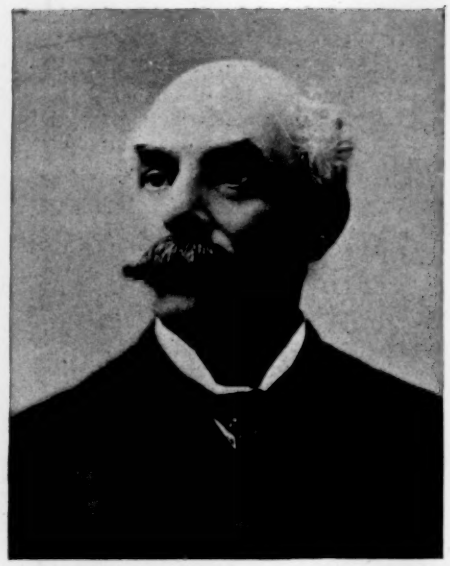
Some California newspapers having seen fit to assert, in defence of the railroad company, that Mr. RALPH'S article was not in accordance with the facts, it seems well to produce this evidence from a leading California newspaper of the agreement of the people of the State with Mr. RALPH. It appears from this authority that the people think that they have been oppressed by this monopoly; that the farmers of the San Joaquin Valley believe that they have been prevented by it from gaining the legitimate fruits of their thrift and their fertile lands; that the growth of population has been delayed and prevented by its exactions on agriculture and commerce; and that even the growth and prosperity of San Francisco have been jeopardized by it. The movement for the new road, we are told, "is the revolt of the people." The seal of inveracity is thus set upon the newspapers that have rushed to the defence of the railroad.

The whole country is to be congratulated on the uprising of the people of California. Their movement against monopoly has been businesslike and dignified, and they seem to have depended on themselves for their remedy. Thus far, at least, they have not asked for charity from the government, and if they go on as they have begun, they will furnish an object-lesson of much value to the many who are content to permit their civic manhood to dwindle in the baleful shadow of State tutelage.



CHARLES WARREN LIPPITT,
Governor-Elect of Rhode Island.—[See Page 354.]

DAVID M. STONE,
Died April 2, 1895.—[See Page 354.]



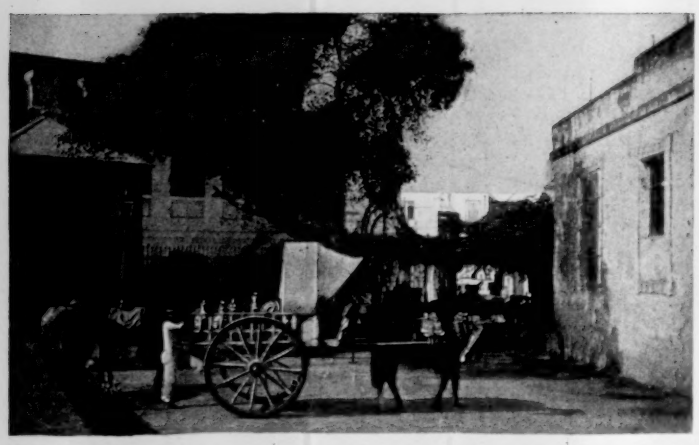
GEORGE B. SWIFT,
Mayor-Elect of Chicago.—[See Page 354.]

GENERAL MARTINEZ DE CAMPOS,
The new Captain-General of Cuba.

GENERAL EMILIO CALLEJA,
The retiring Captain-General of Cuba.

Tacon Theatre. Inglaterra Hotel. El Prado. Central Park.
HAVANA'S MADISON SQUARE.

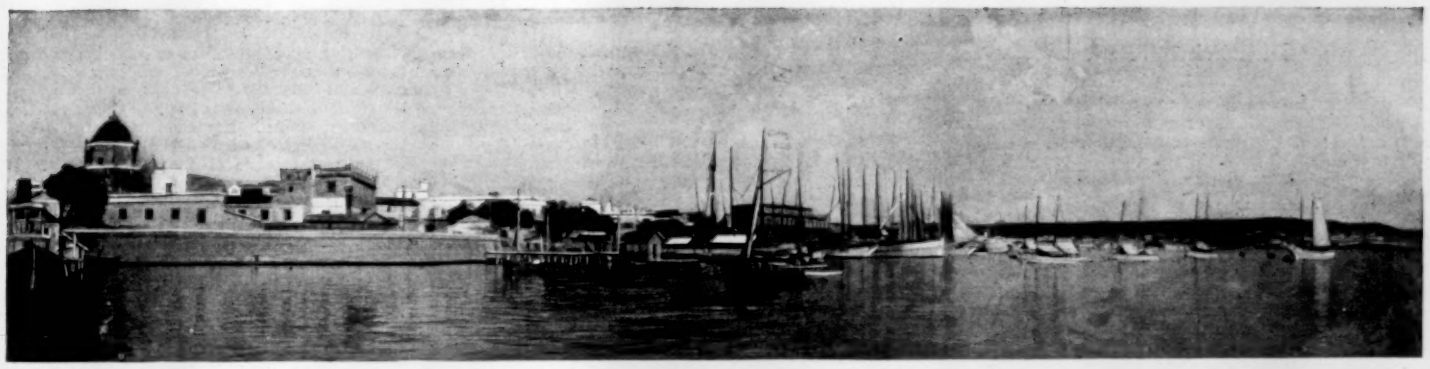
CASTILLO DE LA FUERZA—THE OLDEST BUILDING ON THE ISLAND.
Built by Hernando de Soto, 1538, now occupied as a Barrack.



WHOLESALE MILK QUARTER—LOADING A WAGON.

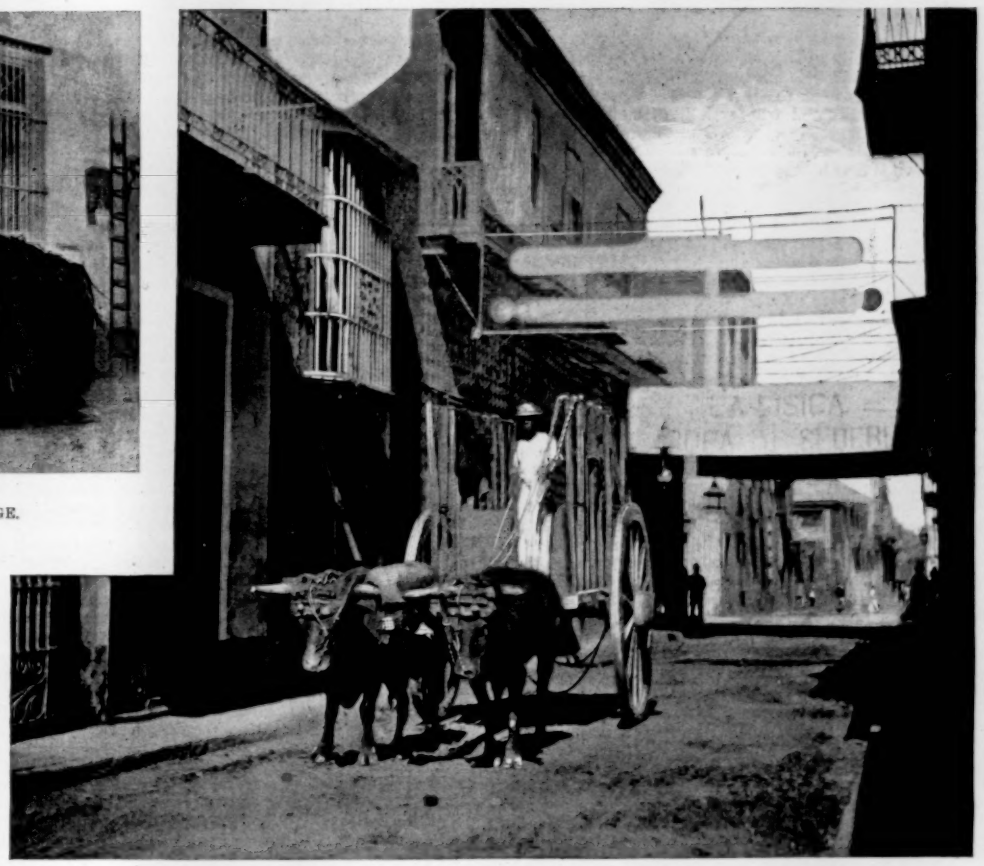
PACK-PONIES AT THE MARKET.

IN AND ABOUT HAVANA, CUBA.—[See Page 342.]



THE CITY'S WATER-FRONT.

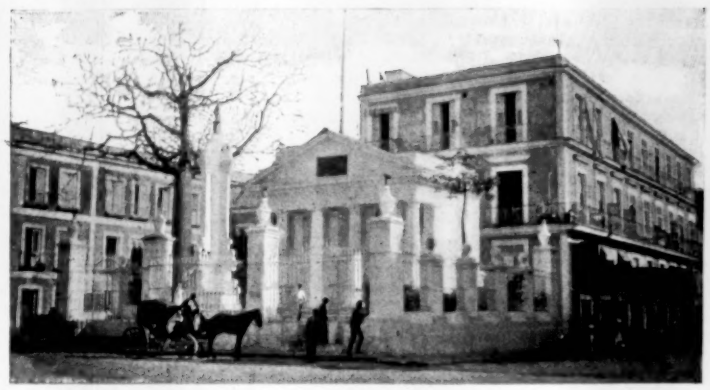
HORSES LOADED WITH GREEN FORAGE.



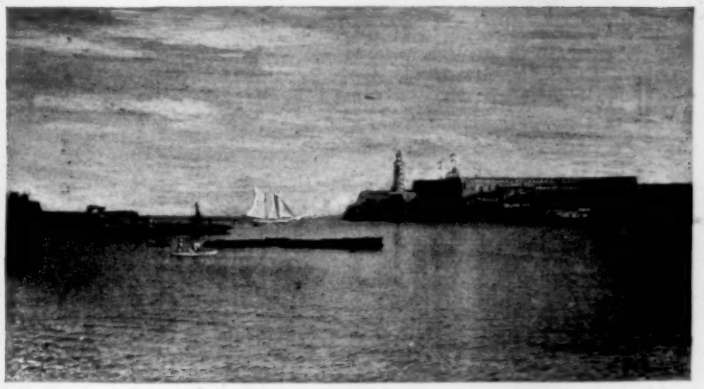
A CITY DRAY.

FRUIT-VENDERS.

WINTER PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-CAPTAIN-GENERAL.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF COLUMBUS ON THE SPOT WHERE THE FIRST MASS WAS CELEBRATED, 1519.



ENTRANCE TO THE BAY—MORRO CASTLE ON THE RIGHT; LA PUNTA ON THE LEFT.

DEGENERATION.

I.

WHETHER the amusing madman who fancies himself the only sane person in a world of lunatics has ever really been found in the asylums, or not, I do not know; probably not; he is a little too dramatic, a little too obvious; but one gets rather a vivid notion of him in reading Dr. Max Nordau's book on Degeneration. The book is not worth speaking of in itself, or for itself, but it is not altogether idle to speak of a thing so many people are reading, or making believe to read. Like most other German books it is not easy to read, even in an English translation, and even among German books it is hard to read because of a certain heavy emptiness, which seems a peculiar property of its author. Besides, he is offensive in manner, and writes a vulgar, noisy style; he stamps about, and shouts, and calls names; so that when you dismiss the notion of the amusing madman, you are not sure that Dr. Nordau is altogether sober. If you begin to talk of him, you fall into his vice of abusiveness, as I am doing now.

II.

The philosophy of this book, if not very profound, is not original either. He is frank in at least one thing, and openly owns his debt to Professor Lombroso, whose Insanity and Genius, and whose Delinquent Man have inspired him to the study of mental and moral decay among the modern masters in literature and art. His claim to recognition is that he has carried the Lombrosian theories and methods into regions hitherto unexplored, and has found them full of maniacs and malefactors. The richness of his find will not be surprising to any one who knows the Lombrosian theories and methods, and has witnessed the ease with which the good professor discovers whatever he looks for; and I am not amazed at the haul Dr. Nordau is able to make with a net to which everything that comes is fish. Not such monsters alone as Tolstoi, Ibsen, Zola, Ruskin, Wagner, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Swinburne, Rosetti, are captured as degenerates, and shown as proofs of Dr. Nordau's second-hand hypotheses, but every realist, symbolist, moralist, mystic, is equally useful to him. They are all instances and examples, and if they are not so apt as he could wish, they can be readily made so. After his bad manners, nothing is so noticeable in Dr. Nordau as his dishonesty, or if it is not worth while to call it by so serious a name, his shuffling. Sometimes this is very impudent, or very ignorant, as when he alleges in proof of Rosetti's degeneracy his use of certain words as a burden in one of his poems; this trick of the old balladists he finds an unmistakable mark of degeneracy in the modern poet who frankly employs it. Again and again in his study of Tolstoi and of Ibsen, if the facts fairly stated will not square with his theory, the author does not mind misstating them. He makes a great show of convicting Ibsen of scientific inaccuracy in dealing with heredity, but after reading a little of Dr. Nordau you want some other doctor's word for what he says. It may be so, but if it is like some other things he says, it may not be so; it may be no truer that the dramatist is mistaken in giving a name to Oswald's malady in Ghosts than that there is a parallel between the flight of Nora in A Dolls' House and the flight of Hjalmar in The Wild Duck. Dr. Nordau may be forcing the diagnosis as well as the parallel; and when you have witnessed his misrepresentations of Tolstoi's artistic intention in matters so clear and simple that you cannot think it merely stupid, you must dismiss him as a person wholly unfit to make the study he attempts.

In fact one cannot deal seriously with him. His philosophy is no philosophy at all; the theories and methods which he borrows are those which perpetually put the cart before the horse; his performances are feats of cheap legerdemain which a little attention will discover. At first he seems to be simply a bad-tempered, ill-mannered man in the presence of intellectual conditions which he dislikes, with no other way of venting his hate but to bully and abuse everybody about. The note of insincerity, however, is so insistent throughout, that you end by feeling that even his bluster is put on, and that he is only a clever quack advertising himself. There is not, so far as I can recall, a criticism of his own that is worth the smallest consideration, and the criticism which he quotes is mean and low. He quotes a great deal of criticism which does not apply to what he is saying, apparently in the hope that the reader may be fooled into thinking that it applies; when he calls some one a degenerate, he reports as proof what an unfriendly reviewer says to his disadvantage. This method may be scientific, but it is not moral, and I doubt very much if it is scientific.

The most interesting fact in regard to his book is that it has made any stir in the world, and Dr. Nordau's success here, where a great many people are now reading his book, is another proof of the advantage of living in Europe, so far as America is concerned. To be sure, he did not write for us or at us, but we attend all the more deferentially when people are indifferent. If some ill-conditioned American had written his senseless and worthless book, we should scarcely have troubled ourselves to say that it was senseless and worthless, far less tried to prove it. But it comes to us with authority, coming across seas, and it comes from Germany, where if the critical thinking is somewhat slow, it is believed to be deep and thorough; and we cannot help asking ourselves if there is not something in it. That is what makes me wish to whisper the reader, Dear, simple-souled brother American, there is nothing whatever in it, nothing in its whole five hundred and sixty insufferable pages that you need worry yourself about for a moment. If it were an honest book, which it is not in a single line, it would be in itself the only proof of the intellectual degeneration of our time which the author is able to give; for then you would see in it the spectacle, pathetic and curious enough, of a philistine spirit, so besotted with error as to attempt with its yardsticks and steelyards to measure and weigh the work in ethics and æsthetics of some of the sublimest men who have ever lived. But as it is, it has not so much as this melancholy interest, and we have to get at the unconsciousness behind the author's consciousness before we find anything even of value as materials. What Dr. Nordau really does is to offer himself as an example of that cunning, dishonest, unscrupulous degenerate, well known to alienists who devotes his powers, abnormally active in disease, to the arts of illusion and deceit. In this quality, Professor Lombroso might very well collect him.

III.

As to the question of any other degeneration in our time it is altogether absurd. The world, in its thinking and feeling, was never so sound and sane before. There is a great deal of fevered and foolish thinking and feeling about thinking and feeling, as there always has been and will be, but there is no more of it than ever. It is no part of my business to defend the nineteenth century, and if I thought the noble mood of its last years merely a death-bed repentance, and not an effect of all the former events of the ages, I should not rejoice in it. Dr. Nordau himself is able to see that there really is no such thing as a *fin de siècle* spirit; but the race is in a certain mood, and the century is near its end, and so the phrase serves as well as another. The only question is whether the mood is a good one, and I have already expressed my sense of it.

I believe it is extremely well to have the underpinning of sentiment and opinion examined, from time to time, and this is what our age above all others has done. It is not a constructive or a reconstructive age, as compared with some other epochs, but it is eminently critical, and whatever is creative in it, is critically creative. It is very conscious, it not only knows, but it keenly feels, what it is about. It is not for nothing, it is not blindly or helplessly that it has tried this or that, that it has gone forward to new things or reverted to old things. It experiments perpetually, but not empirically; knowledge and greater knowledge are the cause and effect of all that it has done in the arts as well as the sciences.

If we stand at the end of things, we also stand at the beginning; we are the new era as well as the old. It is not at all important that certain things have fulfilled themselves and passed away; but it is very important that certain others have just begun their fulfilment, and it is these that we are to judge our time by. Our condition is that of a youth and health unknown to human thought before, and it is an excellent thing that with these we have so much courage; if it were only the courage of youth and health it would be well; but it is in fact the courage of a soul that is as old as the world.

A great many good, elderly minded people think it dreadful Ibsen should show us that the house we have lived in so long is full of vermin, that its drainage is bad, that the roof leaks and the chimney smokes abominably; but if it is true, is it not well for us to know it? It is dreadful because it is so, not because he shows it so; and the house is no better because our fathers got on in it as it is. He has not done his work without showing his weakness as well as his strength, and as I do not believe in genius in the miraculous sense, I am not at all troubled by his occasional weakness. It is really no concern of mine whether he solves his problems or not; generally, I see that he does not solve them, and I see that life does not; the longer I live the more I am persuaded that the problems of this life are to be solved elsewhere, or never. It is not by the solution of problems that the moralist teaches, but by the question that his handling of them suggests to us respecting ourselves. Artistically he is bound, Ibsen as a dramatist is bound, to give an æsthetic completeness to his works, and I do not find that he ever fails to do this; to my thinking they have a high beauty and propriety; but ethically he is bound not to be final; for if he forces himself to be final in things that do not and cannot end here, he becomes dishonest, he becomes a Nordau. What he can and must do ethically, is to make us take thought of ourselves, and look to it whether we have in us the making of this or that wrong; whether we are hypocrites, tyrants, pretenders, shams conscious or unconscious; whether our most unselfish motives are not really secret shapes of egotism; whether our convictions are not mere brute acceptations; whether we believe what we profess; whether when we force good to a logical end we are not doing evil. This is what Ibsen does; he gives us pause; and in that bitter muse he leaves us thinking not of his plays, but of our own lives; not of his fictitious people, but of ourselves. If we find ourselves all right we can go ahead with a good conscience, but never quite so cocksure afterwards.

IV.

He does in the region of motive pretty much the same work that Tolstoi does in the region of conduct. If he makes you question yourself before God, Tolstoi makes you question yourself before man. With the one you ask yourself, Am I true? With the other you ask yourself, Am I just? You cannot release yourself from them on any other terms. They will neither of them let you go away, feeling smoothly self-satisfied, patronizingly grateful, smugly delighted, quite charmed. If you want that feeling, you must go to some other shop for it, and there are shops a plenty where you can get it. Both of these great writers now and then overrun each other's province, for their provinces are not very separable, except by a feat of the fancy, though if the reader wishes a distinction between them, I have offered one. I should say, however, that Ibsen dealt with conduct in the ideal, and Tolstoi in the real. How shall I behave with regard to myself? How shall I behave with regard to my neighbor? I imagine that in either case the answer would be the same. It is only the point of view that is different.

As far as any finality is concerned, Tolstoi is no more satisfactory than Ibsen; that is to say, he is quite as honest. He does not attempt to go beyond Christ, who bade us love the neighbor, and cease to do evil; but I suppose this is what Dr. Nordau means by his mysticism, his sentimentality. In fact, Tolstoi has done nothing more than bring us back to the gospels as the fountain of righteousness. Those who denounce him cannot or will not see this, but that does not affect the fact. He asks us to be as the first Christians were, but this is difficult, and it has been so difficult ever since the times of the first Christians, that very few of the later Christians have been at all like them. Even in his most recent crusade, his crusade against the chauvinism which we miscall patriotism, he only continues that warfare against the spirit of provinciality which Christianity began. He preaches no new doctrine, he practises no new life. It is all as old as Calvary; it is the law and life of self-sacrifice. This was and always will be to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but it is nothing mystical. There is nothing mystical in Tolstoi's books; as far as they are fictions they are the closest and clearest transcripts of the outer and inner life of man; as far as they are lessons in the form of allegory or essay, they are of the simplest and plainest meaning. His office in the world has been, like Ibsen's, to make us look where we are standing, and see whether our feet are solidly planted or not. What is our religion, what is our society, what is our country, what is our civilization? You cannot read him without asking yourself these questions, and the result is left with you. Tolstoi's solution of the problem in his own life is not the final answer, and as things stand it is not the possible answer. We cannot all go dig in the fields, we cannot all cobble peasants' shoes. But we can all do something to lift diggers and cobblers to the same level with ourselves, to see that their work is equally rewarded, and that they share fully with the wisest and the strongest in the good of life. We can get off their backs, or try to get off, and this, after all, is what Tolstoi means us to do.

V.

There is the same mixture of weakness in his power that qualifies the power of Ibsen, and makes his power the more admirable. There are flaws enough in his reasoning; he is not himself the best exponent of his own belief; there is no finality in his precept or his practice. On the other hand, his work has the same æsthetic perfection as Ibsen's, and as an intellect dealing imaginatively with life, he is without a rival. There is the like measure of weakness in Zola, whom Dr. Nordau chooses as the type of realist, with much the same blundering wilfulness that he chooses Ibsen as the type of egomaniac, and Tolstoi as the type of mystic. Zola never was a realist in the right sense, and no one has known this better, or has said it more frankly than Zola himself. He is always showing, as he has often owned that he came too early to be a realist; but it was he who imagined realism, in all its sublime, its impossible beauty, as Ibsen imagined truth, as Tolstoi imagined justice. One has to deal with words that hint rather than say what one means, but the meaning will be clear enough to any one capable of giving the matter thought. What Zola has done has been to set before us an ideal of realism, to recall the wandering mind of the world to that ideal, which was always in the world, and to make the reader feel it by what he has tried to do, rather than by what he has done. He has said, in effect, You must not aim in art to be less than perfectly faithful; and you must not lie about the fact any more than you can help. Go to life; see what it is like, and then tell it as honestly as possible. Above all he has shown us what rotten foundations the most of fiction rested on, and how full of malaria the whole region was. He did not escape the infection himself; he was born in that region; the fever of romanticism was in his blood; the taint is in his work. But he has written great epics, and the time will come when it will be seen that he was the greatest poet of his day, and perhaps the greatest poet that France has produced.

VI.

These men are chief of those whom Dr. Nordau has attempted to characterize as degenerates. Of course, he is preposterous, and he is naturally all the worse for knowing that he is preposterous. His proposition is purely fantastic, and if he had some grace of humor in him, one could imagine him amusing himself equally well by turning his proposition round, and maintaining that the real degenerates were great intellects. He could bring quite as much proof that the insane asylums are centres of a wholesome mental activity, as he has brought to show that the people who have led their age are madmen. There is nothing in the tone of his book to make one feel that he could not argue to this effect with quite as much sincerity as to the other.

In fact, Dr. Nordau has the air throughout of trying to see what effect a certain pose will have with the reader. Apparently, he thought the time had come when such a book as he has written might make a noise, and he seems so little serious, that I feel it rather hard to have accused him of insincerity; one ought not to accuse such an obvious pretender of insincerity; there is a kind of unfitness in it; a superfluity.

W. D. HOWELLS.

HAVANA.

THE Bay of Havana is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. The balmy breezes, laden with aromatic perfumes, that had played in the evergreen foliage of the royal palms, seemed to bring a cordial welcome as our ship steamed into the quiet harbor, and cast anchor in the very centre of the most enchanting scene upon which my eyes had ever rested.

Here, stretched before me, lay the first important land discovered by Columbus, and, next to New York, the most important commercial port in the New World. Upon one shore of the bay were great castles and forts flying the Spanish colors above time-worn piles of masonry that make Havana the strongest fortified city in the western hemisphere. Upon the other shore lay the city, a study in blue, yellow, and white, with a rich fringe of moving sails at the water's edge, and backed by rocky hills, over which nature has spread a perpetual covering of green that blends into a deep tint of blue at the distant horizon.

There came a flood of recollections from my half-forgotten history. That castle there (Castillo de la Fuerza) was built just after the French had reduced Havana to ashes in 1538. Yonder is a bit of the city's old wall, built in 1665, and the bronze statue that tops that distant dome is of the Indian maid Havana, after whom the city was named. Those two fortifications that command the narrow entrance to the bay, El Morro and La Punta, were built in 1589 to protect the city against such pirates as Jacob Sores and Francis Drake. The one upon the left, El Morro, is the castle that held out from June 6 to July 30, 1762, against an English fleet of 200 vessels and an army of over 14,000 men, under Lord Albemarle, but at last surrendered, and thus enabled the captors to divide among themselves the snug little sum of $3,577,849. That old dry dock yonder reminds one that this was the great nursery of the Spanish Armada, and that from 1724 to 1796 there were 114 ships of 4902 guns constructed in this bay.

It was out from these waters that Fernando de Soto sailed

in 1539 with his 900 infantry and 300 horse to his discoveries in Florida and his grave in the waters of the Mississippi. It was into this bay that the good ship *San Lorenzo* sailed one hundred years ago, bearing the remains of Columbus, and all Havana "wept for joy" as the ashes of the great discoverer were carried in great pomp to their resting-place in the cathedral.

I know not how long these recollections would have continued had they not been interrupted by the arrival of a fleet of small sail-boats that came out from the city to take us ashore.

Havana's life is strange. There is nothing about it that suggests its proximity to the United States. It has but little in common with any of the European cities, and reminds one of Algiers as much as it does of Spain. As one sits and smokes at any of her cafés, gorgeously finished in Italian marble, with his table out on the pavement as far as the shade will allow, he sees many sights that he is not liable to observe in any other city. Now passes a high-wheeled cart drawn by oxen, either driven tandem or yoked abreast, in such a manner as to bring the draught against the forehead instead of the shoulder. Then passes another cart drawn by a small mule, or possibly six mules driven tandem, and all wearing heavy harnesses richly ornamented with polished brass, red or white tassels, and tinkling bells. There may pass a string of hack-horses, each tied to the tail of the one in front, as they trot on toward the bay to get their morning or evening bath; or perhaps it is a string of pack-ponies laden with fruit, vegetables, milk-cans, and poultry. Every few moments there dashes by some Spanish horseman in military garb, and there is a continual procession of victorias, and possibly an old Cuban volante may be seen; but the most puzzling thing of all is a string of muzzled ponies loaded with green forage, that so completely covers the animals that they look like small animated hay-stacks.

In the human family the observer finds but little to inspire, as "the four hundred" neither walk nor drive until after sundown; but the middle and lower walks of life are well represented, and most of the subjects are very interesting. Negroes pass, carrying on their heads baskets of bananas or other burdens that would make a fair load for one of the mules; there are the Chinese fruit-venders with their yokes and baskets; thinly attired men; and now and then middle-class women or young girls, who have a strong suggestion of tropical beauty, pass, using a fan for a sunshade, and their heads artistically covered with the mantilla. The street dress of the people varies but little, whether the observations be made in January or July, as during the former month the temperature averages 72°, and during the latter the thermometer never shows as high a degree of heat as in New York.

If the reports given by Columbus and his followers were not greatly tinted, then this "Queen of the Antilles" was peopled by a race that lived in prosperous tranquillity, who believed in the immortality of their souls, and worshipped an omniscient being that was full of loving kindness. Their religion was of the heart, and not of rites and ceremonies. If this all is true, then it throws an unenviable light on the conquest of those Spaniards who, by the aid of stratagem and savage dogs, captured these people, either to be sold upon the slave-blocks of Spain "for the salvation of their souls," or kept in such cruel bondage on the sugar and tobacco plantations of the island that the race was practically exterminated in less than fifty years, and their places filled by African slaves, or semi slaves from China.

R. M. C.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

SOME FACTS ABOUT ITS ORIGIN AND CHARACTER.

EVERY steamer between Cuba and Florida carries among its steerage passengers a number of family groups, consisting as a rule of a father, a mother, a grandmother, and sons and daughters. Each member of the family carries his or her personal belongings wrapped up in a large handkerchief; and the father of the family carries also, what is of vastly greater importance, a game-cock. The people are short and swarthy, vivacious and jovial. The trip is short, as a rule not tempestuous, and the steerage and steerage deck are not wholly disagreeable.

These people are cigar-makers; makers of the famous Havana and Key West cigars. They travel between Cuba and Florida in search of work, familiar with both places, with permanent ties in neither. A strike in Havana will send the strikers to Tampa and Key West; a strike in either of those places will send them back to Havana. In Havana they form an appreciable percentage of the population; in the American cities of Tampa and Key West they outnumber the English-speaking citizens. A hard-working people, their chief amusement is a cocking-main. Each family has at least one game-cock, and Sunday afternoons are passed in either of their temporary homes in the excitement of the cock-pit.

These people are chiefly responsible for the repeated "Cuban revolutions." Ignorant and easily led, they have given for years of their means to support the Cuban Revolutionary party. It is owing to the contributions of the cigar-makers that so many Cuban "generals" and leaders live without visible means of support. Even from them, however, "evidences of good faith" are necessary occasionally. They expect a revolution in Cuba, or, at all events, an uprising. Like dynamite outrages in London, like strikes in New York, a revolution in Cuba means merely that contributors to the fund (whatever be its name) are getting impatient; that the patriots or walking delegates are about to give them their money's worth. It does not indicate any earnest attempt to "free Cuba."

But why should Cuba be freed? From what is it to be freed?

Historically, the Spaniards are bad masters. Of all their vast colonial possessions in the Western hemisphere Cuba and Porto Rico alone remain. But it is of current history rather than of past that we must take notice now; the question of Spain's government of her colonies last century does not enter into consideration now. To-day Cuba enjoys more freedom than any other colony in the world.

That is a rather startling assertion, but the facts bear it out. It is the only colony in the world represented in the parliament of the mother-country. What the United States fought for 117 years ago, Cuba has obtained peaceably. With a population of only about 2,000,000 persons, Cuba is represented in the Spanish Cortes by 16 Senators and 23 Deputies, and they are not all elected by the government. The province of Havana sends 3 Conservative Senators, 6 Conservative Deputies, and 2 Autonomist Deputies. The other provinces are represented thus:

Province.	Senators.	Deputies.
Pinar del Rio	2 Conservatives	2 Conservatives
Matanzas	2 "	1 Conservative 2 Autonomists
Sta. Clara	2 "	3 Conservatives 2 Autonomists
Puerto Principe	2 Autonomists	1 Autonomist
Santiago	2 Conservatives	3 Conservatives 1 Autonomist
Royal University	1 Autonomist	.....
Royal Economical Society	1 "	.....
The Clerical Establishment	1 Conservative	.....
Total (including Havana)	12 Conservatives 4 Autonomists	15 Conservatives 8 Autonomists

Cuba is not only represented in the Cortes; her claims are considered, and often they are heard. Only last November Señor Sagasta, then Prime Minister, introduced a bill looking to even fuller representation for Cuba. Again, within a few months, on the protest of Cuba, the Spanish government arranged a *modus vivendi* with this country, reducing the duties on merchandise imported to Cuba from this country; and again, a royal decree has reduced by one-half the export duty on sugar. These concessions are not more than Cuba has a right to ask; but the fact that they have been granted shows that the Spanish government is desirous of dealing fairly with its principal colony.

If one is to believe the newspapers, the answer to these concessions is a revolution, which is sweeping over the island, necessitating the sending of re-enforcements from Spain, and "shaking" that country's "grasp" on Cuba. It is true that troops have been sent from Spain, and that Spain's greatest soldier, Marshal Martinez Campos, has sailed to take command of the army; but it is to be noted that all the news of the advance of the revolutionary movement comes to us by way of Tampa, where the contributors to the "revolutionary fund" mostly live; and further, that sugar is being brought regularly from Manzanilla, which place the revolutionists have "invested" or "threatened" for some weeks; and that the price of Cuban sugar in this city has advanced by only one-sixteenth of a cent a pound since the revolution began.

There are in Cuba two parties, the Partido de la Union-Constitucional, and the Partido Autonomista, the former being Conservative, the latter Liberal. To the former belong practically all the Spaniards and those Cubans who have property interests in the island. The present head of the party is a Cuban, who as a Deputy in the Cortes led the movement for the emancipation of the slaves; he can hardly be accused of desiring the continued enslavement of his own country.

To the Partido Autonomista belong the home-rulers, the real Autonomists, and also the Separatists, who wish Cuba to break loose entirely from Spain, but dare not "stand up and be counted." The two parties are purely local. Conservatives in Cuba, as likely as not, are Liberals in Spanish politics.

Except in times like the present, when revolt has been fostered in certain parts of the country, there is little difference between the two parties in Cuba. The places in the civil service are divided almost evenly between them. To Regla, across the bay, the Jersey City of Havana, the Autonomists betake themselves on Sundays and holidays to deliver harangues which would be stopped by the police in this country, but are heard unconcernedly in Cuba, and published in Autonomist newspapers more violent editorially than John Most's *Freiheit*.

The present revolt is confined wholly to the eastern provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe. Holguin and Baracoa are the centres of disturbance. These places are in the mountains, 600 miles from Havana, and reached only by wagon roads. Neither province contains any railroads. The mountaineers of these provinces are not so much inclined to support the Autonomista party as they are to take part in a fight. The recent history of the island shows that instead of politics simple recklessness has been at the bottom of the revolts during the last few years. The revolts of the Arguelles and of the Sartorius brothers were begun simply in a spirit of dare-devilry. Upon the customary proclamation of amnesty the revolutionists surrendered promptly. When the Sartorius brothers surrendered their arms the government was richer by twelve rifles and a score of saddles, yet the Sartoriuses were at the head of an army, according to the news reports.

In reading the news about the present revolution it must not be forgotten that most of it reaches this country through Tampa, a city more than half of the population of which consists of cigar-makers, who for years have contributed weekly to the "revolutionary cause"; and that the leaders who have lived on these contributions know very well what sort of news will keep the pot a-boiling. One New York paper receives daily telegrams from Nassau, New Providence, which describe the resistless advance of the revolutionists. There is no cable between Cuba and Nassau, and steam communication is obtainable once every two weeks. In every non-Spanish colony around Cuba, Cuban patriots live, some of them honest, many of them more eager to line their own pockets than to free Cuba; but all dependent on contributions for their existence. That the wish is father to the thought of these men will account for most of the news sent to the papers.

It is true that Captain-General Calleja has resigned, and that Martinez Campos, Spain's ablest general, is coming out as Captain-General to command the troops—probably with power to carry out needed reforms. At first sight this would seem to prove the gravity of the situation. It does not indicate that the matter is of no importance, certainly, but its importance has been exaggerated. To understand the kind of importance that attaches to Campos's coming, one must recall a little history.

About 1868 a revolution broke out in Cuba which lasted almost twelve years, and in its course nearly involved the United States and Spain in a war over the *Virginius* affair. In 1876 General Campos was sent to Cuba, and the revolution, which had lasted for eight years, was suppressed, except in the mountains, within a few months. This revolution had been purely a business matter. It started in patriotism; it was continued in plunder. While a war lasted, the army contractors made money. It was even worth their while to spend money to keep the war going, and they actually did so. Spain was paying for the support of at least twice as many soldiers as were in the island, and every department of government was managed in the same way. So the contractors could well afford to promote outbreaks, and even to carry them on. "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto, and most consistently did they live up to it.

At last, in 1876, affairs in Spain were quiet, and General Campos was sent out to Cuba. He was, as he is now, an honest man. He insisted on having what he paid for. He cut off the sources of wealth at which the contractors had been drinking so deeply, and when they had to depend on legitimate profits only, they could not afford longer to support the revolution. It ended.

Campos is coming to Cuba now to repeat his work of eighteen years ago. He will have easier work than he had then. Railroads are more extended; the people understand better now than then that peace brings prosperity. The leaders of the Autonomists are opposed to this movement, which has no support except in the extreme eastern districts, and with the weight of the leaders' influence in the opposite scale, it is hardly possible that the "revolution" will amount really to anything.

Some persons earnestly rejoice in this "revolution," because they think it will hasten the annexation of Cuba to the United States. Assuming Spain's willingness, do we want to annex Cuba? If we took the island and organized it as a Territory, we should disfranchise 2,000,000 persons; if we admitted it as a State, we should give to 2,000,000 persons, aliens in language, customs, and views, as much influence in our Congress as Georgia or Iowa has. There would be no Democratic or Republican party in Cuba, even under the American flag. The Cubans and the Spaniards would quarrel politically then as now, and the subject of contention would be, not a question national to the continental United States, but insular—Cuba for the Cubans, or Cuba for the Spaniards. That question can be as well decided before annexation as afterwards.

ROBERT GORDON BUTLER.

MARTINEZ DE CAMPOS.

NOTHING could more conclusively show the importance which the Spanish government now attaches to the revolutionary rising in Cuba than the appointment which has just been made of General Martinez de Campos to the chief command of the disturbed province. As a successful soldier Spain has at present no general whose past services so entirely entitle him to the public confidence.

The name of Martinez de Campos will, no doubt, be largely associated with the restoration to the Spanish throne of the house of Bourbon, which was very largely the result of the influence of himself and General Javellar in securing the military pronunciamento of Sagonte, by which the army declared its adhesion to the cause of Don Alphonso. Important as this step was, however, it was but the first step towards the establishment of the throne on a secure basis, and it was only the campaigns of 1875 and 1876 in the northern provinces of Spain, conducted by General de Campos, which finally broke the strength of the Carlist party, and, by putting an end to the civil war, gave a much-needed rest to the country.

The success which had so conspicuously attended the general's operations in Spain was equally remarkable in Cuba, where he was sent in 1878 in the hope that he might succeed in bringing to a close the civil war which had devastated the island for no less than ten years. That General de Campos succeeded in doing this when other generals had failed was due as much, perhaps, to his conciliatory statesmanship as to his military talents.

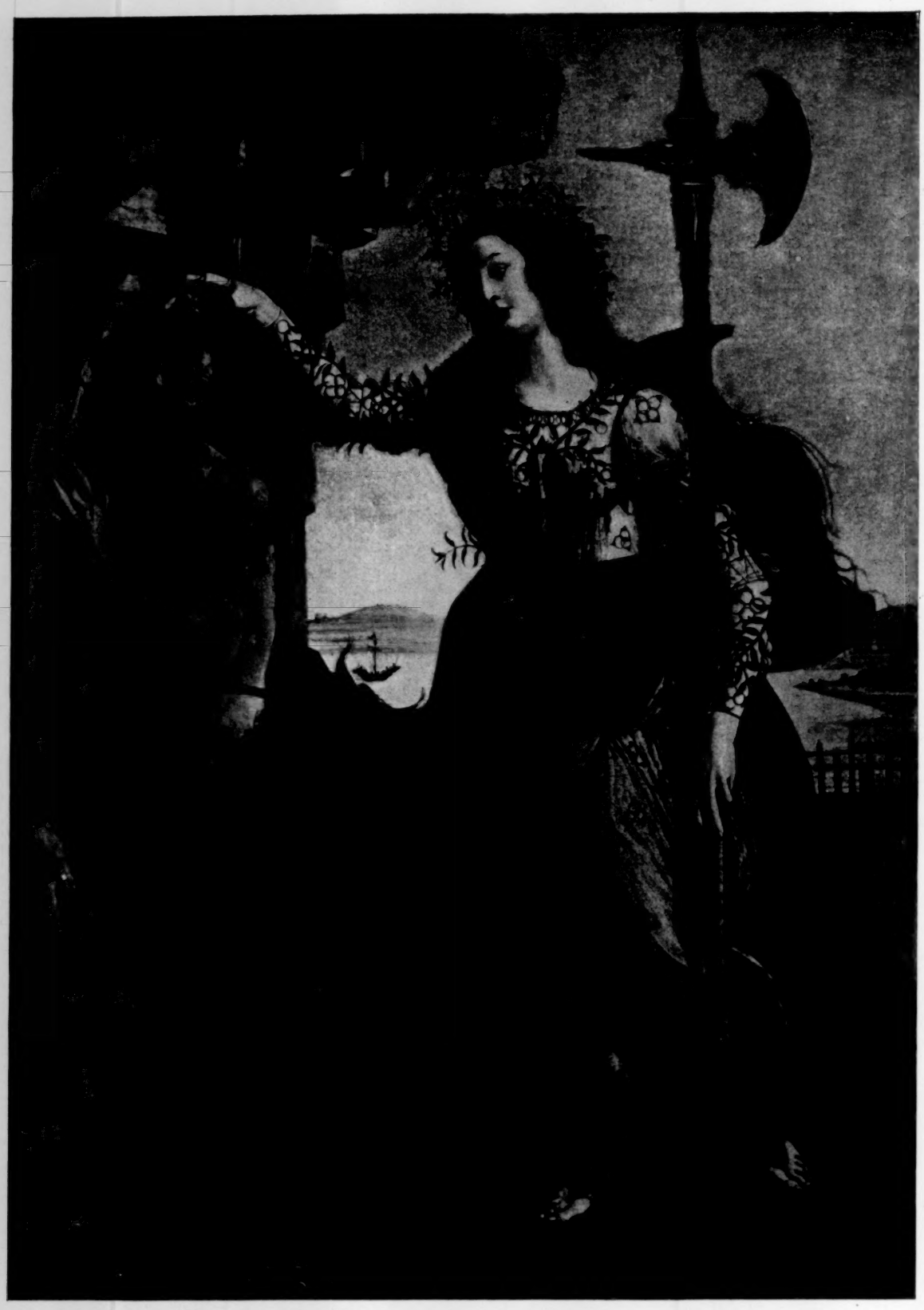
It is reported that large and special powers of pacification will be vested in General de Campos, and to no one would it appear that they could be more appropriately intrusted. The fact that he succeeded eighteen years ago in concluding the peace of Zanjon by the promise of extended political rights to Cuba shows him as much in the light of a statesman as a soldier, and the fact that he subsequently resigned the position of Prime Minister of Spain rather than be a party to the falsification of the pledges given is the best guarantee for his honor and integrity in any arrangements he may now seek to make for the pacification of the island.

EMILIO CALLEJA.

THE Captain-General of Cuba who is about to be succeeded or superseded by General de Campos has an excellent record as a gallant soldier, although, unlike his successor, he has not distinguished himself by anything that could be termed statesmanship. He obtained his commission as Captain of infantry in the Spanish army in 1857, and since that time he has been on active service, with but few and short intermissions. Within a year or two of his obtaining his Captaincy he exchanged into the marine corps, and was there promoted to a Majority. In 1869, when Colonel of the regiment of marine infantry, he was sent to Cuba on the first signs of the revolutionary war in that island.

Colonel Calleja remained on active service in Cuba for three years, and was then recalled to Spain, where he was appointed Brigadier-General in 1872, and employed in the Carlist war under the command of General Lopez Dominguez. With him he was present at the siege of Carthagena, and afterwards saw much active and hard service in the provinces of Castellon and Valencia, where he distinguished himself so greatly as to obtain the decoration of the Grand Cross for military service. He was again promoted, and placed in command of a division of the army in the north of Spain, with which he remained actively employed until the close of the Carlist war in 1876.

He was then sent to Cuba again as second in command to General de Campos, and remained there till the war was brought to an end by the treaty of Zanjon. On his return to Spain he was again promoted, and appointed Governor-General of Andalusia—a province which was afterwards exchanged for that of Castile. In 1886 General Calleja was sent out to supersede General Tajardo in the chief command in Cuba by his friend Señor Gamazo, then minister for the colonies in the ministry of Sagasta, and the appointment was subsequently renewed by Señor Maura. Personally General Calleja is said to be popular and conciliatory in dealing with those subject to his command, but he is naturally rather a soldier bent upon carrying out the instructions of his superiors than a statesman fitted to cope with conditions so critical as those which have of late prevailed in Cuba.



"PALLAS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY BOTTICELLI RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ROYAL PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE, ITALY.

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PICTURE BY BOTTICELLI.

IT is not often nowadays that a genuine picture by a famous artist of the ancient schools of painting is discovered, and still more rare, when some happy chance does bring one to light, that the picture proves to be a work of the first importance. The recent discovery in the Royal Pitti Palace, in Florence, of the picture by Botticelli, reproduced in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is one of the most interesting events that have occurred in the art world for a long time, for the reproduction shows, without the charm of color of the original, of course, that it is a graceful composition, worthy of the painter of the "Birth of Venus" and the "Allegory of Spring." The female figure seems to be invested with the same charm of expression, the same delightful decorative quality, and much of the beauty of line that distinguish the best works of this master, endowed with one of the most sympathetic and delicate artistic temperaments of all the famous painters of the early Italian schools.

A letter, dated the 20th of March, at Florence, states that the picture had not yet been placed on public exhibition, but could be seen in the director's room at the Uffizi Gallery. No doubt it will soon be placed in one of the galleries, and visitors to Florence will have the opportunity to see it in company with other works by the same painter. We may not hope that it might be brought to this country, for the Italian government prohibits the exportation of the works of art by the great masters of the past, and jealously guards them, so that they may be kept on the native soil to maintain the glory of their civilization, and to attract art lovers from all over the world, who go to see their treasures. The existence of this picture was known in the past, but its whereabouts, if it had not been destroyed, was a mystery. It may well be that it has been for many years in some forgotten corner of the vast chambers and halls of the Pitti Palace, covered with dust and dirt, forgotten and unrecognizable, even if it was not exactly hidden from view. Such discoveries are more common than the finding of a work by a celebrated artist of which there is no record or mention in the annals of painting. Its title is given as "Pallas," and it seems to represent Minerva in the act of bringing to book a Centaur who has offended her, or who has been caught red-handed in the commission of some crime against the laws the goddess protected. Those who have seen it describe it as a beautiful picture, unmistakably by Botticelli, and if not quite as finished a work as the "Allegory of Spring," the figure of Minerva, at least (almost the whole point of interest in the composition), is said to possess much of the charm that distinguishes the figures in that delightful canvas.

Botticelli, whose real name was Alessandro di Mariano Filipepi, but took the name of Botticelli from his master, a goldsmith, to whom he was apprenticed in his youth, and who is commonly known as Sandro Botticelli, was born in Florence in 1446. He died there in 1510. He was a pupil of the painter Fra Filippo Lippi, and pictures by the two artists have been more than once confounded. Botticelli was a great student of Dante, whose works in part he illustrated, and he is thought to have engraved certain designs himself. His art shows him to have been a man of a singularly refined and delicate artistic nature, and with a decided taste for classical mythology. Painters in our day, when realistic tendencies are so prominent in pictorial art, find in the works of Botticelli a certain naïve quality of design and a loving elaboration of decorative adornment for his figures that are stimulating, and evoke sincere admiration. Amateurs of art have long since given his pictures a place in their hearts that his simplicity of intention and the innate beauty of his artistic results have won for him quite apart from technical considerations.

In the National Gallery at London there are at least five or six pictures by Botticelli. The "Mars and Venus," a large canvas, is familiar through photographic reproductions, and an oval picture representing the Holy Family, the infant St. John on one side of the Virgin and Child and two little angels on the other forming a beautiful composition, is one of the best known of his works. In the Louvre there is a half-length "Madonna" that is perhaps better known in this country than any other of his pictures. The head of the Madonna, drawn in profile, is one of the most sensitively treated and beautiful of all the creations of this subject, a favorite one, as we know, with painters of every school. The famous "Birth of Venus" is in the Uffizi Gallery, and the equally celebrated "Allegory of Spring" is in the Florence Academy. Monotint reproductions of these pictures have caused Botticelli's work to be admired and loved by those who have not been able to appreciate the full charm of his art in the presence of the originals. WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

TECKLA'S LILIES.

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

IN the words of Mrs. Perryto herself, "it all came of her being taken with a cleaning fit." She was not taken so often, it is true, but when she was, everything gave way before her.

On this especial occasion Arthur Garfield and Perkins Perryto, Jun., having been turned into the street to find amusement, Maud Ellen and the baby were piled upon the bed, along with the chairs, the coal-box, and other movable articles, and Mrs. Perryto, having thus cleared the field, began operations.

She had gotten one corner of the floor nicely wetted, and her brush well soaped, when her eye fell upon the dresser. This article of furniture was in reality a wooden box draped with an old curtain and surmounted by a small looking-glass. Its curtained recess had long been used as a convenient storing-place for the family's odds and ends.

As Mrs. Perryto's eye rested on it she paused, then laid down her brush and rested back on her heels. "While I'm at it, I've more'n half a mind to clean out that dresser," said she, and promptly forsaking her bucket and brush, she began to drag forth the contents of the box and cast them on the floor.

"As sure as life," she went on, shaking the dust out of the baby's lost bonnet, and disposing of a greasy bone by tossing it through the broken window, "Maud Ellen, if here ain't your onion flowers!"

"My!" cried Maud Ellen, hanging over the foot-board. "I 'most forgot 'em, an' what would Teckla have thought?"

"Maud Ellen, how you talk!" cried Mrs. Perryto. "Seein' as Teckla's dead, how'd she be a-thinkin' anything?"

But Maud Ellen, fondling the lapful of bulbs her mother had handed her, apparently did not hear. "I remember what Teckla said jus' as well as if 'twas yesterday." Said she, 'Maud Ellen, I won't be here to go to Holy Innercents another Easter, an' I want you to go an' take 'em next year fur me,' an' I says, 'I'll do it, Teckla, sure'; an' s'pose now, Mumsey Perryto, I hed forgot it?"

"But there ain't no flowers about them things, nor lookin' likely to be, Maud Ellen."

"She told me about that too, Teckla did. 'Count up a six weeks afore Easter,' said she, 'an' put 'em in water, and set 'em on the winder-sill.' When's Easter, Mumsey Perryto?"

That lady, having so readily forsaken her scrubbing, now did as much for her straightening, and while twisting up her back hair afresh, eyed her little daughter reflectively.

Had it been any one but Mrs. Perryto whose gaze was then fixed, she might have been wondering why all the Perrytos, big and little, should have snub-noses and white hair except Maud Ellen, who looked from beneath a mass of tangled brown hair out of dark eyes, soft and appealing, which in turn surmounted as straight a little nose as any one need wish for. Or she might have been wondering why the plain "ma" which fell from the lips of her other children should be changed to Mumsey Perryto in the case of Maud Ellen. All this and a great deal more she might have been wondering, but was not. It was not her way. She accepted things as they came. At present she was simply trying to remember if she had ever known when Easter came or what it came for—"'ceptin' eggs, to be sure, an' that made her think—"

"Pin your little shawl over your head an' run across to Mis' Tipping's, Maud Ellen. She'll know about Easter, seein' ez she allers gets the eggs ready weeks aforehand for the bakery winder."

So Maud Ellen handed the baby over to her mother—who by this time had forgotten the cleaning altogether, and now stepped into the hall to pass the news of the day with a neighbor, while her little daughter ran over to Mrs. Tipping's bakery.

That lady, on being consulted, and, like every one else, responsive to the appealing eyes of Maud Ellen, produced a yellow almanac, and, with the help of the grocer next door, made out that Easter would be "six weeks from come next Sunday." Which point being settled, Maud Ellen went home and summoned an audience of playfellows.

"Now," said she, "yer all on yer, 'ceptin' them like Perkins Perryto, Jun., what's too little, remembers Teckla?"

There was a unanimous murmur of assent.

"Well, here's what Teckla said ter me jus' afore she took an' died. 'Here's my lilies,' said she, 'for you to march an' carry, an' take ez many of the other childern as 'll go 'long.' Yer all on yer remembers how last Easter her father had to carry her to Holy Innercents, 'cause she couldn't walk. Well, Teckla tol' me all about it, 'cause I hadn't never heard of Easter, nor Holy Innercents neither. The doors come open suddent-like, she said, an' in they marched, childern an' childern, more an' more, like to no end of 'em comin'. A-carryin' flags, she said, an' flowers, an' singin' an' marchin'. An' all bein' mostly in white, 'twas like angels, which Teckla says is the finest an' most stylishest thing childern can be. Her not bein' able to walk, after 'twas all done an' over, her father kerried her up to the front, an' she laid her lilies down with the rest—lilies off them same round things she give me. An' a man who was a-standin' there among them flowers, all white, even his dress, he put his hands on her head an' he says, says he, 'God's blessin' on yer, my child,' an' Teckla said with that blessin' on yer, yer can go straight ter heaven; an' seein' as this Easter she'd be there, we was to take her lilies an' get the blessin' an' come on up there. Now all on yer as is goin' hold up yer hands!"

Every grimy hand in the company, from that of Perkins Perryto, Jun., the youngest, to Katia Chapinski's, the eldest, went up, amid a noisy acclaim of voices.

"Then come on ter our room, as many of yer as can get in, an' we'll plant them lilies. But see yer come quiet like," cautioned Maud Ellen, "'cause them's Teckla's lilies, an' Teckla's dead."

Seventeen round smooth Japanese lily bulbs, and only a broken glass pitcher to put them in! On learning this condition of things from a dozen eager voices, Mrs. Donigan, in the next room, generously lent a clipped yellow bowl, and yielding to persuasion, Mrs. Perryto donated one of her two tin saucepans. "It 'll be jus' as good as ever after Easter," Maud Ellen had urged.

From the moment of planting, the Perryto apartment became the most popular in the tenement, and despite much well-meant but injudicious investigation as to their progress, the lilies grew, and one after another sent up a slender green blade into such sunlight as filtered through the smoky atmosphere and dirty window-pane.

"But we've got to sing when we march," said Maud Ellen one day, then sat still a long time, gazing at the lilies, with her small chin resting on the edge of the yellow bowl. "She said there was music, too," added Maud Ellen to herself, quite softly, stroking a green blade with a tender hand.

Herr Hoffmeister blinked his red little eyes, and cried "Herein," as a knock came at the door of his room under the tenement roof, and Maud Ellen entered.

With the warfare between himself and the tenement children in mind, Herr Hoffmeister laid down his violin and regarded Maud Ellen with suspicion. Only yesterday a crowd of children had followed the tipsy musician to his very door, mimicking and jeering him until he quivered with helpless rage. To-day, although sober, the testy little man had not forgotten it.

Maud Ellen, unconscious of his frowns, shut the door and came close beside him, then laid her hand upon his knee. "You remember Teckla," she began, confidentially, raising her soft eyes to the old man's bleary ones.

Herr Hoffmeister nodded, and his face softened. Yes, yes, he remembered Teckla, the gentle Teckla, who had loved the music of his violin so well—the little Teckla, who, drifting with her father in his downward course from a different life from the tenements, had died in the dreary little room next the old musician's.

"Ya, ya; but what for you ask me of Teckla?" the old man answered.

Maud Ellen pressed close against his knee.

"I wish her father hadn't a-gone away soon 's she died, 'cause he could tell you about it better 'n me. I can do the flower part, 'cause Teckla tol' me how. But won't you help do the singin' part, Mr. Hoffmeister, an' the fiddlin'?"

And later, when the old musician went down the rickety steps on his way to the cheap music-hall where he played nightly in the orchestra, he held Maud Ellen's hand in his, and as he left her at her mother's door, he said:

"Und you haf the children on hand, mein liebchen; und it shall be like the singing of the leedle vuns in der

faderland ven I vas young. It shall be Luther's grand old hymn I vill teach them, the same as I sang it ven I vas von leedle child."

Maud Ellen did her best, and daily marshalled her forces, with such of their interested parents as had nothing else to do, and as the green blades of the lilies divided into long slender leaves, the tenement advanced in its musical education.

At the appearance of the first buds the rapture of the tenement was great. But when the lilies began to unfold their spotless raiment the question of garments suitable to march to Holy Innocents in assailed the minds of the tenement, and its spirits fell accordingly.

White was not to be dreamed of, save in the case of Maud Ellen, whose mother undraped the dresser, and fashioned her a garment wonderful to behold out of the curtain. As for the rest of the house, it washed its clothes, and contented itself with the consciousness of unusual cleanliness in honor of the occasion. And this momentous question of the hour once settled, the rest of the time was given over to energetic rehearsals.

"Maud Ellen sez to come on." The word would speed around the neighborhood, and the forces would gather before the tenement's front door.

"Take yer places," Maud Ellen would command, "just 's if 'twuz Easter an' this yere street wuz Holy Innercents. Now, Mr. Hoffmeister, play. Gladiola, if yer ain't a-goin' ter see ter them twins yerself they sha'n't march. Go on now; I'm a-goin' ter march ter that hole in the street and back. Arthur Garfield Perryto, sure 's yer tie that tin can ter Mike I'll tell Mumsey. Now—no, wait till that fishman gets by. Now, Mr. Hoffmeister, we're ready. All on yer sing!"

And they sang. They could do that with a will, even if Perkins Perryto, Jun., did cause a halt midway by charging at Arthur Garfield like a young billy-goat, wrought to frenzy by that gentleman's determination to shout his part through the tin can directly into the infant Perkins's ear.

Barring this, the procession proceeded in safety, turned, and, singing still, marched back to the tenement's curb, where Herr Hoffmeister was discovered daneing up and down in helpless rage. "The tune—wo ist der tune? Ofer again—ein, zwei, drei—sing!"

Then they must stand still and try it again and again, until Kitty Dugan, being relieved of the care of the baby, ran over from the meat shop to join them, and with her high sweet voice to lead, all went well again, and Herr Hoffmeister's gloomy brow cleared.

On Easter morning at the Church of the Holy Innocents the music from the great organ rose and swelled amid the vast arches as if struggling to carry its meed of praise straight to heaven, or sank and beat at the hearts of the waiting congregation as if it would enter and bid them sing to God's praise. As the doors of the church were swept open, it rose to a glorious swell that shook the church, then died to a throbbing undertone. And now came the sound of far-off voices singing, that grew and rose and neared, until through every door, up every aisle, came processions of children.

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!"

they sang, while their garlands filled the air with heavy perfume, and their glistening banners, rustling, fluttering, marked their course; up, down, in, out, around the great church, marched the white-robed children, under the shadows of the masses of palms, into the jewelled lights from the great windows.

"Allelulia!" they sang. They laid their fragrant burdens down. The very air was thick with blooms and carolling voices. "Allelulia, Amen!" and again the organ swell died into silence, and the service began.

But as from amid the palms a white-haired man arose and stretched out his hands above the congregation to pray, a single one of the heavy doors swung open, and music, the sweet clearness from a single violin pierced the silence, and, turning, the people saw an old man standing in the open door and playing. And again they heard the sound of many voices singing. A second procession passed in.

Maud Ellen led—in the old white curtain dress. Her eyes were like stars above her pink cheeks, and in her arms was a pot of Easter lilies. The stalks, holding a wealth of bloom, rose far above her head. To the memory of Teckla she carried it; and the old musician, playing as he had not played in years, his eyes closed in rapture, he only could tell the price of how many "beers" it had taken to buy it.

Behind Maud Ellen marched the children of the tenement. One of Teckla's fragrant lily-blooms was in each eager hand. Unmindful of rags or of congregation, with their eyes on the soaring lilies their leader carried—how they sang!

"A mountain fastness is our God
On which our souls are planted."

It was Luther's grand hymn that fell from their lips, and as they sang, the wondering congregation of Holy Innocents sat still and listened.

"By our own might we naught can do;
To trust it were sure losing.
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for his name?
Christ Jesus we claim
The Lord God of hosts,
The only God; vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

Up the long aisle they went, and standing on the steps amid the palms, gazing into the kindly face of the white-robed man, they finished their song. And then Maud Ellen, smiling up into his face, held out her pot of lilies. Why should she be afraid—was not everything just as Teckla told her it would be? So she smiled.

"We've come to get a blessin', please," she said, simply, and looked up.

And the old clergyman, he whose life had been spent in trying to get into the lives and hearts of just such little ones as these, understood, and stretched out his hands. He put them on the rough little head of Maud Ellen. "The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always—his children! Amen!"

The children laid their flowers amid the other offerings. The hearts of the mothers of the tenement, who were scattered here and there about the church, swelled and thrilled with something deeper than tenement pride. But in the church "those in authority" who had at first wondered and frowned, seeing what their minister did, came forward and found seats for the ragged little strangers on the steps amid the palms, and the service went on.

So was made little dead Teckla's offering, and Maud Ellen and the tenement gained "the blessing." For a blessing the gentle white-haired minister proved to be, gathering Perkins Perryto, Jun., and the twins, and all the other toddlers in the neighborhood into a wonderful place of cleanliness, warmth, flowers, and love, that his pretty daughter, who had it in charge, called a kindergarten, and into other things besides.

Maud Ellen and Gladiola and Kitty, and all that would, being no longer needed as nurses and guardians, found there was a place already provided for them called a school; a place where many wonderful things were to be learned, even to the judicious cleaning up of a tenement room. And they found also that the doors of Holy Innocents, and other doors still, stood open for them wide, not on Easter day alone, but alway.

CHINA'S OWN MIRROR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THERE are more than thirty newspapers for the Chinese in China, but none is so interesting or so valuable as the oldest of them all, the Peking *Gazette*, the oldest daily newspaper in the world. It has a daily issue of a few small brown pages between thin yellow covers, and is printed with movable wooden types. It is reprinted in different places, if I am not mistaken, and it reaches all parts of the kingdom, and is of the utmost interest and value to the educated Chinese. It is merely a record of official acts, promotions, punishments, and decrees, but these are put forth with what seems to us amazing frankness, so that they have been of the utmost value to students of the Chinese government. The stories and glimpses of actual life in these documents have supplied at least one English author with the materials for a handbook and a series of novelettes upon the life of the masses.

I have at hand a translation of the more important documents in the *Gazette* for 1893, and am going to cull from them sufficient to show how remarkable a mirror is that China holds up to herself. There is not space here to tell how frequently Li-hung-chang appears in its pages, or how, seven times in ten, he is seen to be handling public money, asking for public money, or recommending for office or promotion those rich citizens and prosperous officials who have given money for relief, religion, or charity. When one knows his influence, and understands how little is done in Chinese official life except for money, it seems almost credible that he has amassed $150,000,000, as his critics say.

As the representative on earth of the gods in heaven, the Emperor is custodian of the weather. When droughts come, and pestilence or floods assail the people, he does not hesitate publicly to take the blame for them, attributing them to his own remissness in the worship of the gods that rule such occurrences. If he did not do so the people would not hesitate to charge him with the fault. They frequently memorialize the throne to that effect. We read that on January 5th his Majesty prayed for snow, but the much-desired boon has not yet been granted. Two days later he announced that "we proposed to renew our prayers on the 8th inst., but yesterday a heavy fall of snow was vouchsafed, for which we are humbly grateful. To-morrow we will burn incense in the Takao-tien." The weather did not again call for activity on his part until July 23d, when we find this statement from him:

"Since the commencement of the summer refreshing showers gave great promise of an abundant harvest for the autumn. Unfortunately too much rain began to fall afterwards, so that we went ourselves twice to the Temple of the Most High to offer incense and beseech the protection of the Supreme Merciful One, praying that there may be a change of calm weather, in consequence of which our prayers were answered. Recently, however, never-ceasing rains have again arrived, and there are fears that they will turn out to be a calamity. We, in our great anxiety for the welfare of our people, have therefore decided to go again on the 25th instant to the Temple of the Most High to offer incense and beseech the clemency of the gods for serene weather once more." The rain continued to fall, and his prayers did not avail. Therefore, on July 27th, he announced that "since they are spoiling the crops, and there appears no likelihood of their ceasing," he was determined again to go to the Temple, and "beg Heaven to grant calmer weather for the sake of our subjects." He proclaimed that he would also visit the Hsuen-jeu Temple, and he ordered one prince to sacrifice at the Temple of the Propitious Seasons in the imperial name; another prince to sacrifice at the Temple of Miracles, and a third prince to sacrifice at the Ningho Temple. The rain did not abate, and we read that, a month later, the Emperor ordered an inquiry into the loss of five lives by the falling of 250 houses in the Tartar city, and of nine lives by the falling of "a thousand and hundreds of walls" elsewhere in Peking, but if he continued to pray with such ill luck he did not farther advertise the fact.

In March it was announced that "his Majesty is wearing robes of gray squirrel"—a fashion note to be heeded by every mandarin in the Empire. In the same month he proclaimed that "The Grand Secretary Fuk'un committed an error to-day when introducing officials to be presented to his Majesty. If is ordered that the Board concerned determine a fitting penalty for his offence." The popular right of appeal to the imperial person is vouched for in many a Chinese tale of adventure and love, but the *Gazette* deals with those who exercise the right in such a way that one who reads between the lines, with a knowledge of Chinese ways, would not care to be in the places of the bold petitioners. "The Shantung man who knelt to us at the gates," and "the man named Toi who knelt by the road-side and presented a petition," were turned over to the Board of Justice and the Board of Punishment, respectively, for "rigorous examination"; and in the Shanghai papers for 1894 I read of the punishment of a man and a woman for entering the Forbidden City, and of the eunuchs and guards who failed to keep them out.

In October the Emperor was so gracious as to compliment the river god upon the peaceful aspect of the Grand Canal during the preceding summer. He ordered that "ten sticks of Tibetan incense of the largest size be burnt before his shrine in thanksgiving," and that to the Director-General of the Canal proper rewards be given for keeping in such favor with the god. In November he ordered the trial of Wen Ching, "a yellow girdle"—that is to say, a member of the imperial clan—and 115 others, on the charge of gambling or keeping gambling-tables in the metropolis. Ginseng, that magic cure-all of the Chinese, which is also the restorer of youth to the old, is annually sent to the Emperor, and in November he received from Kirin province a second instalment of eight roots of the first size and fourteen of the second size. These were sent in charge of a military noble. They weighed eight ounces and a half, and were valued at $2500. And yet (it came too late, perhaps) he had just arranged for the burial of two imperial concubines.

It is most likely that every one who knows much or little about China understands that the Empress Dowager is thought to be the real ruler there. She is the patron of Li-hung-chang, and hers are the favorites who fill the offices and manage the government. I have heard that the Emperor is an imbecile, in whose name the government is headed by others; and I have heard that he is an able man who is about to assert his rights; but I never have heard that his aunt was not the source and fountain of the authority which prevails. All through the court news we read that the Emperor goes to his aunt's palace periodically to pay his respects to her or to inquire after her health, and at last we read his alleged opinion of her, on January 19, 1893, when he announces the preparation for the celebration of her sixtieth anniversary by a display that would have been unparalleled in the annals of the East—but for the subsequent outbreak of the war that the Japanese government declared against China in order to save and continue itself.

"*Decree.*—The superlative goodness of the most August Empress Dowager is brightly manifest, and her comprehensive foresight benefits the whole race. By ceaseless diligence within Her Palace she secures the peace of the entire realm. Since Our accession to the Throne we have in respectful attendance constantly received Her admirable instructions. With great gladness we perceive Her gracious Majesty in robust health and cheerful spirits. In the year 1894 Her Majesty will happily attain the illustrious age of sixty years, and it will be Our duty at the head of the officials and people of the whole Empire to testify Our delight and pray for blessings." Then follows the appointment of nobles to prepare "the proper code of etiquette and to arrange the ritual ceremonies."

Whether or not he be Emperor in truth, that is a dignified way in which to speak of the woman and aunt who held the reins of government before he came to the throne. As an example of the servile and cringing self-abasement that obtains under all such rule, note how an official addresses the Emperor in asking leave to retire from office. And note, too, that those who read between the lines, as well-informed men do in all Oriental literature, assert that when a man wishes to give up office it is usually because he fears that he has gone too far in abuse of his power and opportunities, and prefers retirement rather than disgrace.

The Governor-General of the Yun-Kei provinces is the petitioner. He has already twice asked for leave of absence from his post, and now he appeals for permanent retirement. He says that the previous "leaves" were received "on bended knees, with tearful gratitude as an act of sacred grace." This brought to his mind that he had been a pillar of the court within, and is now a buckler of the throne on the frontiers without—a proof that he has been favored beyond conception. Still, filled with the ambition to place his body, and, if need be, to sacrifice his bones, to the service of his master, he yet knew he was very weak. Sickness came to disturb his ambition—sometimes coughs and colds came, and nightly visitations of fever. In a word, a single indisposition would bring the chills and fever, in nine cases out of ten, so that his left ear has become deaf, and the right ear gradually oppressed with a sensation of heaviness. He fears that another six months will be fatal to his mind, to the detriment of his viceregal duties, for the post he holds is by no means a sinecure or retreat for the lotos-eater. The granting of former requests showed that his Majesty, unmindful of the mediocrity of memorialists' talents, only took note of how to treat with kindness an unworthy but devoted servant, and now he prays, etc.

There is a complaint in the *Gazette* against an official who indulged in cruel punishments in that he made use of a "three-holed cangue"—that is to say, a board which, instead of merely having a hole for the culprit's head, also had holes for his arms. Of course the most ingenious and diabolical punishments obtain all over the empire, and men are stoned to death, pinioned beneath a great bell which is rung constantly, made to kneel on chains, subjected to the crushing of their tongues and to the extraction of their finger nails, and so on through a fearful list. None of these practices was charged against any unlucky victim of envy or malice in 1893. But in the course of routine news, of which no fault is found, we read that for forgery of an official document a man was "sent into penal servitude in a malarious region on the Yunnan frontier"; that for murder in defence of his mother a Turkestan man was strangled; and the mother, for beginning the quarrel, was to be flogged unless she could commute (buy off) the sentence. For the murder of his father a Canton man was sentenced to death by the "slow and painful process" (often called the slow and shameful method) of being sliced while alive. Several cases of slicing for the murder of parents were reported in 1893. In one of the risings or rebellions that seem never to leave the empire at peace the fifteen outlaws who were caught in Shensi in 1893 were sentenced to immediate decapitation, with exposure of their heads at the different scenes of their crimes, and three others were to be banished after a term of imprisonment, during which they were to be fastened each to a heavy piece of granite chained to their ankles.

Sometimes a murderer's property is given to the family of his victim, and often an official thief is rid of his button and commanded to stay in office for a given time in order to restore what he has stolen. In nearly all cases where a person in office is concerned in a crime with or against a private citizen the *Gazette* announces that "he is

to be degraded in order that his rank may not stand in the way of a fair trial." It often happens that an official is tried and nothing is proved against him, but if the plaintiff has sufficient courage or money or influence in official circles the officer is stripped of his rank and tried again as a private citizen.

The stories with which I conclude this too limited paper on this vast subject will show the reader one other strange feature of Chinese justice, which is that apparently no one concerned on either side of a trial escapes without some punishment, and when it is reported that a party to a cause is dead, the official parts with him reluctantly in some such phrase as, "Wang having died, it was not necessary to proceed as to his guilt." The *Gazette* is full of accounts of knavery in office. Mandarins are accused of selling government arms and ammunition, of extorting money from the people, of being found short in their accounts, of allowing prisoners to escape (in which case there is always an investigation to see whether any one was bribed to permit the escape), of being frivolous and idle in office, and, most strange of all to us, of negligence in allowing murders or thefts to take place, or in failing to catch outlaws, pirates, rebels, or robbers who have perhaps merely rushed into a distant corner of a province to commit a crime, and then have disappeared again. Those who will persist in reading between the lines assert that these are instances where jealous superiors or influential enemies have succeeded in finding a chance to accuse men who otherwise would escape notice and blame. It is said—and in more than one authoritative book upon China—that when an official is thus accused and brought to trial he is often ruined in trying not merely to escape punishment, but to save his head. I think it is Arthur Smith who mentions a case where, when a mandarin was ordered to go to Peking to defend himself, he was stripped of 50,000 taels (a tael is nearly a dollar and a half) in one week by the palace officials, who squeezed him for every favor and right that he demanded.

A queer petition is that of Brigadier-General Shih. He says that he has found out that his real name is Chih-tung, and he is of the clan of Yang, in the Sze-chuen province. When he was a boy, in 1856, he enlisted against the Taiping rebels, and travelling from province to province with the army, became lost in Hunan, where a man named Shih-jui-lin adopted him as a son. For thirty-seven years he has gone by the name this man gave him (Shih-chao-yuan), and has been advanced from the ranks to the post of Brigadier-General. He has sent to his birthplace and found that not a single scion of his family is alive; that he alone represents the clan of Yang. Fortunately the elder Shih has a son of his own, and learning the sad state of the petitioner's family, generously commanded the general to resume the name of Yang. He did not want to appear ungrateful, and so did nothing; but now that Mr. Shih is dead, and has a son and grandchildren to sacrifice to his *manes*, the general thinks it important for the shades of his ancestors that he should perpetuate the Yang lineage. It is thought proper that the Brigadier-General Shih-chao-yuan should be allowed to resume his own proper name of Yang-chih-tung, and he asks the imperial consent. "*Rescript:* Allowed. *Let the Board of War take note*," says the Emperor.

The governor of Shang-tung reports that there are two brothers named T'uan in the province of Honan. The younger brother is an expectant judge, and has a son T'ing-chi, a salaried licentiate. As the elder brother had no heirs, he adopted this son of the younger brother, and got him a wife from the Kung clan. As is customary when relatives have but one son between them, both of them get him a wife, to make sure of handing down the family name and offering the ancestral sacrifices. As the young man was childless, his father got him a wife from the Ts'ai clan, unknown to the uncle. The young man took her, as he dared not disobey his father. The two wives, Kung and Ts'ai, lived happily together, and called each other "sister," according to etiquette. A month after the second marriage, however, the new wife retired to bed first, without waiting for her husband to come home. He upbraided her for want of respect for her lord and husband, and she, "a girl of spirit," says the *Gazette*, retorted so that an altercation ensued. Peace was restored through the intercession of a female servant, Cheng, and the husband left the room, while the servant staid awhile with the bride, and then went to her own quarters.

To the consternation of all, the bride was found dead next morning—hanging to one of the windows. The young man's father notified the district judge, but the girl's mother asked the judge to forego the inquest. But when the dead girl's father returned from a trading trip, he suspected that his daughter was the victim of the jealousy of the first wife. He brought suit against the bridegroom's father, but now he admits that grief goaded him to madness, and that he had no ground for his unjust suspicions. He got forty blows of a bamboo and was fined. As the father had no right to get a second wife for his son without the consent of the throne, he is turned over to the proper board for punishment. As the son only followed his father's commands, he is held blameless.

The next story for the future novelist tells how a young graduate to a military mandarinship got into grave trouble in the Shensi province. The Governor of Shensi tells the story. The young officer fell in love with a pretty girl named Li, whose mother had married a second time. Being already married, he could only make her his "number two wife," which is to say his concubine. She was not betrothed to any one, but he did not dare to make the proposition to her step-father, so he bribed a go-between—without whose help no affair of the kind is ever transacted in China—to tell her step-father that he, Chang, was a widower, and childless. The step-father thought him a fine match for the girl, and the affair progressed smoothly up to the interchange of the customary betrothal presents. Then the step-father learned of the fraud, and demanded the return of the gifts and the annulment of the betrothal. Chang refused, and was haled before a judge, who ordered him to receive back his presents and return the horoscope of the girl to her people.

This horoscope is what is called the eight characters of the girl's birth, upon which, together with the date and hour and minute of the man's nativity, the astrologer declares a marriage suitable and lucky, and decides upon the day for it. Chang yielded with bad grace. Miss Li was presently betrothed to a silk-trader, and an astrologer named her happy day a second time. She was married, had been to her husband's house and spent several days, and was on her way to visit her parents, according to custom, when Chang hired a laborer as an accomplice, and planned to abduct her. He had rented a house to which to take her afterward. She and her husband were riding to her old home, on donkeys, when Chang rushed up, lifted her from her donkey, and attempted to carry her away. The husband interfered, but was told that the girl was first betrothed to Chang. He fought for her, but was overpowered by Chang's confederate. Chang took the girl to the house he had rented, and there took part in a mock marriage ceremony.

On the next day Chang sent to the girl's home to say that he would repay to the silk-trader every cent the marriage had cost him, and would pay handsomely for silence on the part of the girl's parents. They could not be bribed, and a warrant was issued for Chang, who ran away and hid. When he was at last arrested he was able, because of his rank, to defy the magistrate. At the urging of the judge, the Emperor cashiered the prisoner in order that the law might take its course. "The law provides decapitation, with the exposure of the head, for whoever gathers a band of men and uses violence in abduction, but as Chang only had a single assistant (who has escaped arrest), and as not much violence was used, and, moreover, as no parallel case is quoted in the law-books, memorialist has been compelled to use his judgment, and decided to sentence the prisoner to one degree lighter punishment—that is to say, Chang has been sentenced to be strangled. . . . and the girl has been restored to her husband." "*Let the Board of War report thereon*," writes the Emperor.

And here is one more glimpse of actual life. The widow Wang was given in marriage to a relative by her deceased husband's brother. The brother-in-law undoubtedly sold her, but denied that he had any other concern than her well-being. She was taken in a cart to her purchaser's house, but refused to be married, and made a great disturbance, crying for help. The purchaser was frightened and gave her up to her brother-in-law, who came next day to carry her away. She went at once to a magistrate's yamen, or court, at Sing-ming, in Fengti-en province, to complain against her brother-in-law. His mother, knowing it to be a serious thing to "force a widow to marry against her will," went to the superior court at Moukden to complain of her daughter-in-law. The Tartar governor appointed a referee to try the cause, and all the parties assembled at Moukden. The old mother lodged at an inn, and the widow stopped with a relative, a Manchoo clerk. The old woman, through the innkeeper's efforts, got a go-between named Chang to try to bribe the officials to release her son. Curiously he went to the clerk, who told the widow what was planned. She told the clerk to get 200 taels (about $266) from the old woman. The mother did not have so much, but gave a note for the sum. The governor found out all this, and dispensed justice in the following manner: He sentenced the brother-in-law to eighty blows of the bamboo and banishment for two and a half years. The clerk could not be excused for conniving at swindling, therefore he was cashiered, and put at hard labor on the post-roads. The widow he sentenced to seventy blows and eighteen months' banishment, with the right to buy off the sentence because she was a woman. The old mother he sentenced to ninety blows and thirty months in jail, with the right to buy commutation of the sentence; and Chang was sentenced to ninety blows and two years in jail—a light punishment, because the bribe he handled was a note that was never cashed.

COACHING IN CHIHUAHUA.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

THAT coaching is a grand sport I cannot deny, but I know almost nothing of it beyond an impression that there is a tremendous amount of mystery connected with its rites. As a sport, I have never participated in it, but while in the process of travelling the waste places of the earth I have used it as a means on occasion. I never will again, but I have in the past. There is no place to which I desire to go badly enough to go in a coach, and such points of interest as are inaccessible except by coach are off my trail. I am not in the least superstitious, and am prone to scout such suggestions, but I am a Jonah in a stage-coach, and that is not a superstition, but a fact amply proved by many trials.

I remember as a boy in Montana having been so hopelessly mixed up with a sage-bush on a dark night when the stage overturned that it left an impression on me. Later in life I was travelling in Arizona, and we were bowling along about ten miles an hour down a great "hog-back" to the plains below. A "swing mule" tripped up a "lead mule," and the stage—on the box of which I was—ran over the whole six; and when the driver and I separated ourselves from the mules, the shreds of harness, splinters, hair, hide, cargo, and cactus plants, I began to formulate the notion that stage-coaching was dangerous.

While riding in an army ambulance with Major Vielé, of the First Cavalry, and the late Lieutenant Clark, of the Tenth, the brake-beam broke on the descent of a hill, and we only hit the ground in the high places for about a mile. I will not insist that every man can hold his breath for five consecutive minutes, but I did it. Thereupon I registered vows and pledges; but, like the weak creature I am, I ignored them all and got into a coach at Chihuahua winter before last, and did 500 miles of jolting, with all the incident and the regulation accident which go to make up that sort of thing. Now, I like to think that I have been through it all, and am alive and unmaimed, and I take a great deal of comfort in knowing that, however I may meet my end, a stage-coach will be in no way connected with it.

On the trip out we had mules. They were black and diminutive. To me a Mexican mule seems to be the Chinaman of the dumb animals. They are enduring beyond comprehension, and they have minds which are patient, yet alert and full of guile. The Mexican *cocheros* have their mules trained, as bankers train their depositors in our land. They back up against a wall and stand in line while one by one they are harnessed. In the early morning I liked to see the lantern light glorify the little black creatures against the adobe wall, and hear the big *cochero* talk to his beasts in that easy familiar way, and with that mutual comprehension which is lost to those of the human race who have progressed beyond the natural state. This coachman was an enormous man, big, bony, and with Sullivanesque shoulders, gorilla hands, and a blue-black buccaneer beard, and but for a merry brown eye and a mouth set in perpetual readiness to grin, he would have belonged to the "mild-mannered" class, to which, as a matter of fact, he did not. It is written in the lease of his land that he shall drive the Bavicora Ranch coach: it is life-service, it is feudal, and it carries one back.

If the little mules and ponies did not stand in the exact six feet of ground where he wanted them, he grabbed hold of them and moved them over to the place without a word, and after being located, they never moved until he yanked or lifted them to their place at the pole. The guards were Mexican Indians, hair cut *à la Cosaque*, big straw hats, serapes, and munitions of war. William, whose ancestors had emigrated from the Congo region before the war, was the cook. He was also guide, philosopher, and friend to Mr. H—— and myself in this strange land, and he made all things possible by his tact and zeal in our behalf. William knows every one in the state of Chihuahua, and he is constantly telling us of the standing and glittering position of the inhabitants of the mud huts which we pass, until it sounds like that ghastly array of intelligence with which a society reporter quickens the social dead in a Sunday newspaper.

At night we stay at convenient ranches, and rolling ourselves up in our blankets, we lie down on the mud floors to sleep. It is not so bad after one becomes used to it, albeit the skin wears off one's femur joint. The Mexican hen is as conscientious here as elsewhere, and we eat eggs. The Mexican coffee is always excellent in quality, but the people make it up into a nerve-jerking dose which will stand hot water in quantities. Nearly all travellers are favorably impressed with the *frejoles* and *tortillas* of the country. The beans are good, but, as old General Taylor once said, "they killed more men than did bullets in the Mexican War." Of the *tortillas* I will say as my philosophical friend Mr. Poultney Bigelow says of the black bread of the Russian soldier, "it's a good strong food to march and fight on," which can in no way be a recommendation of its palatability.

AN EARLY MORNING BATH.

GRUB.

The coach starts by gray dawn, and we are aroused at an early hour. The white men take sponge baths in a wash-basin, and the native who stands about deep in the folds of his serape fails utterly to comprehend. He evidently thinks a lot, but he doesn't say anything. I suppose it seems like "clay-eating" or penitents' mutilations to him—not exactly insanity, but a curious custom, at any rate. On the return trip we have a half-broken team of buckskin broncos, which have to be "hooked up" with great stealth. And when the coachman had climbed quietly into the box and we were inside, the guards let go of the team and the coachman cracked his whip, while we looked out of the window and held our breath. Then there were horse pyrotechnics, ground and lofty tumbling—Greatest Show on Earth—for about a minute, when we made a start down the big road, or didn't, as the case might be. After the first round we often had to get out, and would find that two ponies had got themselves into the same collar. We would then rearrange them and hope for better luck next time.

In Mexico they drive four mules abreast in the lead and two on the pole, which seems to be an excellent way. Mexican coachmen generally keep "belting" their stock and yelling "Underlay mula," which is both picturesque and unintelligible. Our man was, however, better educated. Forty or fifty miles is a day's journey, but the exact distance is so dependent on the roads, the load, and the desire to "git thar" that it varies greatly.

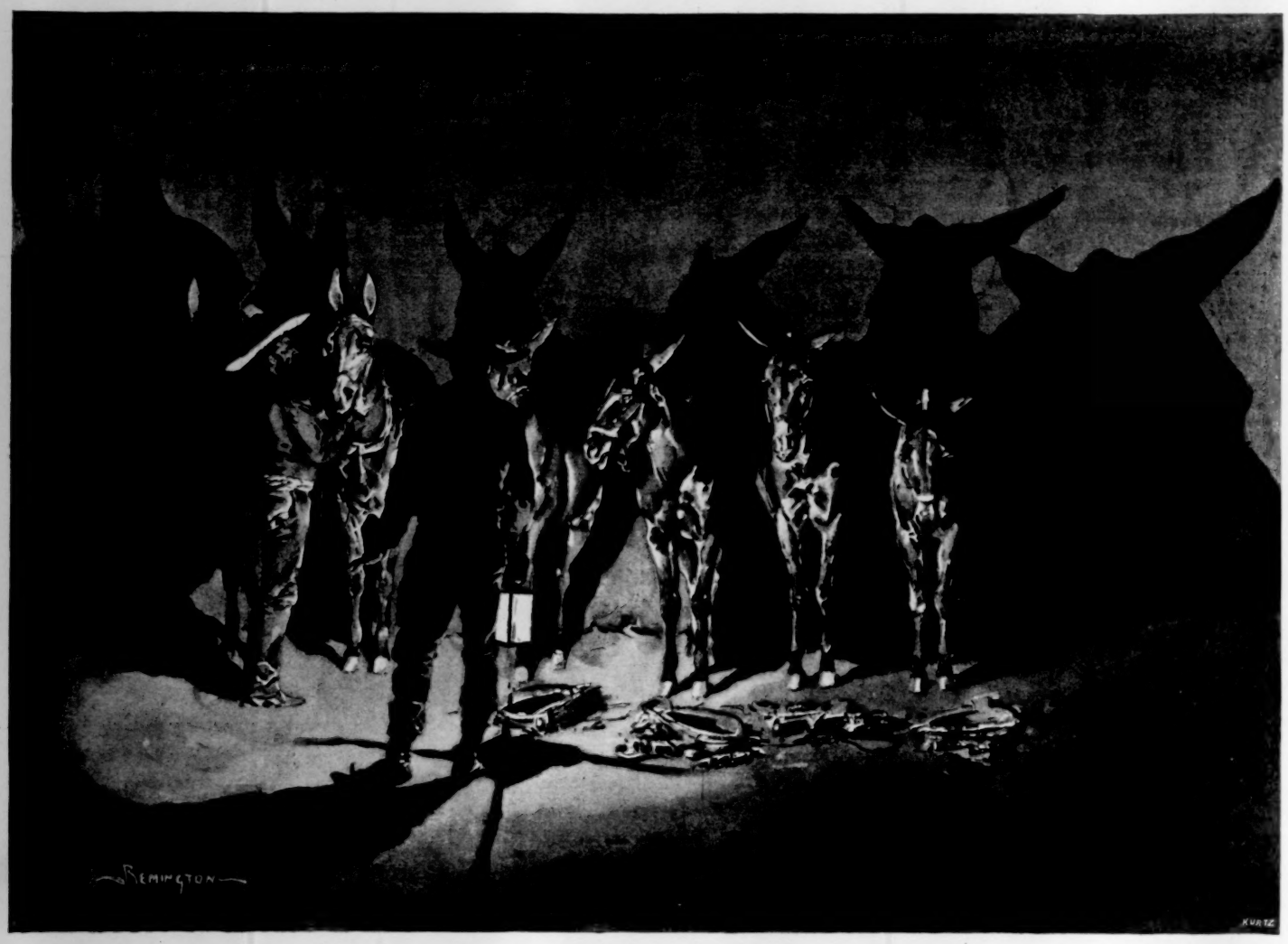
We pass the Guerrero stage as it bowls along, and hundreds of heavy creaking ox carts as they draw slowly over the yellow landscape, with their freight, to and from the mines. Bunches of sorrowful *burros*, with corn, wood, pottery, and hay, part as we sweep along through and by them.

We have the inspiring vista of Chihuahua before us all the time. It is massive in its proportions and opalescent in color. There are turquoise hills, dazzling yellow foregrounds—the palette of the "rainbow school" is everywhere. There are little mud houses, ranches, and dirty little adobe towns to pass, which you must admire, though you may not like them. Gaunt cattle wander in their search for grass and water, and women squat by the riverbed, engaged in washing or in filling their *ollas*.

The people are enchanting. It is like reading the Bible to look at them, because it is so unreal; yet there they are before one, strange and mysterious, and, like other things which appeal to one's imagination, it would be a sad thing if one were to understand them. One is tempted to think that the people of our Northern races know too much for their own good. When I heard the poor Mexican asked why he thought it had not rained in eighteen months, he said, "Because God wills it, I suppose." And we were edified by the way they shifted the responsibility which Farmer Dunn in our part of the world so cheerfully assumes.

One afternoon we were on a down grade, going along at a fair pace, when a wheel struck a stone, placed there by some freighter to block his load. It heaved the coach, pulled out the king-pin, and let the big Concord down and over on its side. The mules went on with the front wheels, pulling Jack off the box, while we who were on top described graceful parabolic curves and landed with three dull thuds. I was caught under the coach by one leg and held there. A guard inside made all haste to crawl out through a window, and after a bit I was released;

THE BOX OF THE BAVICORA COACH.



HARNESSING IN THE PATIO.

ALL OFF IN A BUNCH.

we were all pretty badly bruised, and Mr. H—— had his foot broken. The mules were recovered, the coach righted, and we were off again. We made the town of Tamochica that night, and the townsfolk were kind and attentive. They made crutches, heated water, and sent a man to the creek to catch leeches to put on our wounds. Two men were shot in a house near by during the night, and for a few minutes there was a lively fusillade of pistol-shots. It was evident that life in Tamochica would spoil a man's taste for anything quiet, and so as soon as we could move we did so.

We passed an old church, and were shown two Jesuits who had been dead over a hundred years. They were wonderfully preserved, and were dressed in full regalia. I wondered by what embalmer's art it had been accomplished. A guard of "punchers" met us to conduct us over a mountain-pass. They were dressed in terra-cotta buckskin, trimmed with white leather, and were armed for the largest game in the country. The Bavicora coach has never been robbed, and it is never going to be, or, at least, that is the intention of the H F folks. One man can rob a stage-coach as easily as he can a box of sardines, but with outriders before and behind it takes a large party, and even then they will leave a "hot trail" behind them.

One morning as I was lolling out of the window I noticed the wheel of the coach pass over a long blue Roman candle. I thought it was curious that a long blue Roman candle should be lying out there on the plains, when with a sudden sickening it flashed upon me—"giant-powder!" The coach was stopped, and we got out. The road was full of the sticks of this high explosive. A man was coming down the road leading a burro and picking up the things, and he explained that they had dropped out of a package from his bull-wagon as he passed the night before. We didn't run over any more pieces. If the stick had gone off, there would have been a little cloud of dust on the Guerrero road, and I hope some regrets in various parts of the world. The incident cannot be made startling, but it put the occupants of the Bavicora coach in a quiet train of reflection that makes a man religious.

Now, as I ponder over the last stage-coach ride which I shall ever take on this earth, I am conscious that it was pleasant, instructive, and full of incident. All that might have happened did not, but enough did to satiate my taste.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

VI.

From some criticisms that I have received it is evident that in No. III. of this series I did not clearly explain myself. I was assuming, for the sake of simplicity, a condition of exchange between two communities, one of which was convinced that a silver dollar was as good as a gold dollar, and I was showing what this would mean to the silver community when it came to buy the products of the community that used gold. There is, of course, no such simplicity in the trade between two foreign countries, and it is true that the man who sends the farmer's product to Europe would receive the gold price of the cargo, but in the mean time there would intervene between the farmer and the foreign purchaser a number of middlemen who would make money out of the fluctuations of silver and of exchange, and the gains of these men would be made out of the losses of the farmer. The result would be, roughly, as I have stated in the simple example which I gave.

Thus far we have examined the various kinds of tools which men employ for the carrying on of business, and we have seen that any tool is a good one that will be accepted confidently by the various persons whose industry and products are the subjects of exchange. Let us apply the principle on a larger scale. This country carries on an enormous business. Its foreign commerce last year amounted to $1,547,000,000. Three-fourths of our exports were of agricultural products. How much money was employed in carrying on this trade? The exports and imports of gold will not begin to pay for all this business. In 1894 the total gold exports amounted to $77,162,228, and the net gold exports to $4,172,665. In 1893 the net gold exports from this country amounted to $86,897,275. Much of the gold that went from this country was for the payment of debts represented by securities which the foreign holders sold because they were afraid that our currency was about to deteriorate, that we were about to become a silver country. Much more went abroad because we had too much money in this country. The result of this surplus was that interest abroad was higher than interest in the United States, and consequently, while a good many of the financiers who devote their time and energies to surrounding the money question with mystery were crying out that we had not money enough, our surplus money was seeking employment in Europe. It is evident that our foreign commerce was not entirely carried on with real money, nor did the national banks of the country carry on all their transactions in such money. On October 2, 1894, as we learn from Secretary Carlisle's report, the national banks had loaned $2,007,122,191. But the money of all kinds in the banks amounted to $422,428,192 only. In September, 1894, all the money in the United States amounted to $2,413,000,000. This was a little more than the sum that was then out on loans by the banks. But even this amount was not all used in business. The amount in circulation in September, 1894, was $1,655,039,000. Although the silver men were crying out for money, the country was not using all the money then in existence, and yet, judging from the amount of loans and discounts alone, it was using tools of exchange that represented much more. Moreover, we had and continue to have a greater amount of money per capita than any other country except France, the Netherlands, and Belgium. The amount of money in the United States was $25.07 per capita, while Great Britain possessed $19.98 per capita. Our stock of gold is the largest in the world, except that of France. Our stock of silver of full legal tender is actually the largest, if we except India and China. At the same time our stock of uncovered paper is larger than that of any other country except Russia and the South American States. For a long time our company in the money market has been questionable.

The foreign commerce of the country is based on the fact that there are many thousands of foreign people who want our meat, breadstuffs, and cotton, and that there are many thousands of persons in this country who want woollen goods, cotton goods, silks, velvets, iron, and steel ware from Europe and other parts of the world. These articles are exchanged with each other. The transactions, measured in money, amount to a much greater sum than the money itself which passes between the two countries. The balances only are settled in bills of exchange, as already explained. Whatever grand balance there may exist at the end of the year between two countries like Great Britain and the United States does not depend wholly upon the commerce that has been carried on between them, for Great Britain invests a good deal of money in this country in securities, in business concerns, in real estate, so that while what is called the "balance of trade" may be in our favor—that is, we may have exported more goods than we have imported—Great Britain may nevertheless still be our creditor.

Whatever we have imported in goods is wealth. Whatever Great Britain has received from us in gold is a means of gaining wealth. Every piece of cloth, every suit of clothes, every mechanic's tool, every rail, is something that we want and that makes us better off. Every shipload of grain that England receives from the United States is so much food for the hungry. But if we sold all this grain for gold, and received it, what good would the gold alone do us? It is not a pile of gold that brings prosperity; it is the gratification of our own and others' desires through the exchange of commodities. The world's commerce is the trade of a simple community amplified. It is an exchange of products, and such exchange is facilitated by the use of credit, of mutual confidence, represented largely by bankers' bills of exchange that do not depend for their validity, or for the trust felt in them by the mercantile communities on the two sides of the ocean, either on the amount of gold in the coffers of the bankers, or on the fiat of the government, or on any legal-tender quality bestowed upon them by law, but upon the general belief in the willingness and ability of the persons on whom the bills are drawn to meet them when they are presented for payment.

What is true of simple trade and of foreign commerce is also true of the sale of a man's labor for wages. The man who works with his hands, or the professional man who works with his brains, wants food, raiment, shelter, books, education for his children. He buys all these things with his labor. He digs in the field, writes or paints, argues in the courts, or preaches in the pulpit for these things. He could not go to the tailor, or to the butcher, or the grocer, with any assurance of success, whenever he happened to be in want of the several articles in which they deal, for nine times out of ten his services would not be wanted, and he would be as badly off as the man possessed of a store of gold and nothing to buy with it. Therefore he sells his services for money, and the value of his services, the price which he obtains for them, is not in the slightest degree dependent on the amount of money there is in the community, but on the number of people who can render services such as he has to sell, and on the desire of other people for them. If, for example, there were no disputes requiring settlement by the law, a lawyer who should be dependent on a community in which such a state of things existed for his livelihood would starve to death, even if there were millions of idle money stowed away in the local banks. H. L. N.

TOBACCO,

AND THE BEGINNINGS THEREOF.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.
—*Henry V.*, Act IV., Scene I.

Tobacco and Golf are the only topics, in the whole history of things, upon which Shakspere does not seem to have touched, though men smoked in Shakspere's day, and kings uttered Counterblasts against Tobacco in every form. Tobacco, however, was familiar enough to Shakspere's contemporaries. It is called "divine Tobacco" in "The Faerie Queene"; and Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, calls it "this roguish Tobacco, good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers." That Shakspere *did* smoke is fully believed by all the smoking commentators, who cannot account for his strange silence on the subject, except on the ground that smoking was not agreeable to the playwright's wife. Such things have been!

Edmund Malone quotes a number of epigrams and satires which would seem to prove that the play-goers of the time of Shakspere were attended by pages in the theatres, who furnished them with pipes and tobacco, and that they smoked not only on the stage, which the spectators occupied as well as the players, but in other parts of the house. And Paul Heutzner, in his *Journey into England*, in 1598, says, "The English are constantly smoking of Tobacco, and in this manner: they have pipes on purpose, made of clay, into the further end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder; and putting fire to it they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils, like funnels, along with it plenty of phlegm, and defluxion of the head."

In looking through the columns of *Notes and Queries* since its initial volume, dated June 1, 1850, we find many Notes upon Tobacco; and many pages scattered through its forty-five years of existence are devoted to the history of Tobacco, its uses and abuses. Innumerable Queries have inspired the information that John Bell of Antermony, who was in China in 1721, reported the Chinese to have had the use of Tobacco for many ages; that John Ledyard declared the Tartars to have smoked from remote antiquity; that Crauford dates the introduction of Tobacco into Java in 1601, while admitting that the natives had traditions of using it long before; that Savary states that the Persians have used Tobacco for over four hundred years; that Olearius found the Russians in 1634 so addicted to Tobacco that they would spend their money on it rather than on bread; that Eulia Effendi found a Tobacco pipe, still in good preservation, and retaining a smell of smoke, imbedded in the walls of a Grecian edifice which was more ancient than the birth of Mohammed —570 A.D.; that Dr. Yates saw amongst the paintings in a tomb in Thebes the representation of a smoking-party; and that, to crown all, there is an old tradition in the Greek Church, said to be recorded in the works of the early Fathers, that the Devil made Noah drunk on Tobacco!

Mohammed is said to have prophesied as follows: "To the latter day there shall be men who will bear the name of Moslem, but will not be really such; and they shall smoke a certain weed which shall be called Tobacco." [!] This is in George Sale's edition of the *Koran* (1734). But whence Sale evolved the modern word Tobacco, nobody but Sale could have told, and Sale neglected to explain.

On the other hand, those who do not believe in the great antiquity of Tobacco lay great stress upon the fact that Marco Polo does not allude to it, and that it is not referred to in *The Arabian Nights*.

An early writer speaks of Columbus as "seeking the remotest land under the sun, as flying to a New World like Noah's dove, and bringing back in his mouth—not an olive branch, but a leaf of Tobacco!"

According to Charlevoix, in his *History of St. Dominique*, says the Century Dictionary, the pipe used by the Indians was called Tobacco, and not the plant. According to Las Casas, the Spaniards, in the first voyage of Columbus, saw the Indians in Cuba smoking dry herbs or leaves, rolled up in tubes which they called *tabacos*. According to Clavigero the word was one of the names of the plant used in Haiti. According to Bauhin (1596) and to Minsheu (1617), Tobacco was so called from the island of Tobago, and according to other guessers it got its name from a province of Yucatan. That it came from *Tobikhar*, a division of North American Indians who once lived in what is now known as Southern California, no one but the present writer seems to have conjectured.

The Century Dictionary says, also, that it was unknown in the Old World before the discovery of America; that it was introduced into Europe about 1559 by a Spanish physician, who took a small quantity into Spain and Portugal, whence it found its way into Italy and France; and that Sir Francis Drake first took it to England about 1585. Another authority states, very positively, that Tobacco was first introduced into Europe about 1560, by a Dutch merchant, who offered the plant to John Nicot, French envoy to Portugal, that Nicot presented the plant to the Grand Inquisitor, and, on his return to France, to Queen Catherine de Medicis, "who took an immediate fancy to it." But he believes that Tobacco was smoked in Persia and in China three or four centuries before the discovery of America.

John Stow, in his *Chronicles of England*, states that "Tobacco was first brought and made known by Sir John Hawkins, about the year 1565, but not used by Englishmen in many years after." Nevertheless, he says elsewhere that "Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought Tobacco to use, when all men wondered what it meant."

Raleigh is generally accepted as the Father of Smoking, and upon him men who smoke do look to this day as their patron saint.

Peace to his Ashes!

Caley, in his account of the last hours of Sir Walter, proves very conclusively that the smoking knight was not ashamed of the weed, which he used if he did not introduce. "He was very cheerful the morning he died," says the historian; "ate his breakfast, and took Tobacco, and made no more of death than if he had been to take a journey."

Snuff has been traced to the Irish, although their cousins, the Scotch, have always been considered the champions of the nicotinians who take their Tobacco by smelling it; while the English seem to have been the original chewers. In a manuscript upon the *Natural History of Tobacco* in the Harleian Collection is the statement made that "the Irishmen do most commonly *powder* their Tobacco, and snuff it up their nostrils, which some of our Englishmen do, who often chew and swallow it." The date of this document, unfortunately, I do not know. The pipe, it is asserted, came from the Caribbee Islands, and it was first introduced into Europe during the last quarter of the Sixteenth Century. That it is reputed to have given its name to the weed it contained has been explained above.

The title of a poem upon Tobacco by one John Sylvester, Gent., who flourished in England during the reign of Elizabeth, is worth quoting in full; and nothing but the title is needed to show the nature of the poem. Here it is: *Tobacco battered, and the Pipe shattered about their Ears that idly idolize so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon.*

James Eccleston, in *An Introduction to English Antiquities* (1847), makes the following startling and shocking statement, which does not seem to be verified by any statement made by anybody else. Speaking of English ladies of quality during the reign of Elizabeth, the antiquary says: "It is with regret we add that their teeth at this time were generally black and rotten, a fact which foreigners attributed to their inordinate love for sugar, but which may, perhaps, be quite as reasonably ascribed to their frequent habit of taking the nicotian weed to excess." Although Stow called Tobacco "that stinking weed which was commonly used by most men and many women," most of the antiquaries and many of the historians express doubts concerning Mr. Eccleston's charge, and on two grounds. First, that Tobacco strengthens rather than weakens the teeth. Second, that the Virgin Queen herself was not fond of, or given to, the use of Tobacco; and that ladies of quality the world over, and in all ages, did, and do, as is done by the Queen, no matter who she is, or who they think she may be.

In King James's famous *Counterblast* we are told among other things that the use of Tobacco is a vile and stinking custom, borrowed from the beastly, slavish Indians. He denies that smoking purges the head or the stomach; and he declares that many have smoked themselves to death. He argues that to use this unsavory smoke is to be guilty of a worse sin than drunkenness. He pleads the expense; "some gentlemen bestowing three or four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink"; and he further Counterblasts in this wise: "It is a custom both fulsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smelles of the pit that is bottomless!"

James I. and VI., in his right royal *Counterblast*, was not the only potentate who opposed the weed, for Pope Urban VIII. (1623–1644) issued a bull against Tobacco—in *churches!*

In a report of the Proceedings and Debates in the House of Commons in 1621, while James was still on the British

throne, we are told that Sir William Stroud moved that "Tobacco be banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any port, nor used among us." While Sir Guy Palmer argued that "if Tobacco be not banished it will overthrow one hundred thousand men in England, for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at the plough."

Men who smoked Tobacco were called Tobacconists as well as those who sold Tobacco, and when Burton in his *Parliamentary Diary* stated that "Sir John Reynolds had numbered the House, and there were at rising at least two hundred and twenty present, besides Tobacconists," he evidently alluded to the members of the Old House of Commons who were too much absorbed in the weed to attend to business of State.

One authority says that "at the last Great Plague in London none that kept Tobacconists' shops had the Plague. It is certain that smoking it was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, in so much that the children were obliged to smoke. And I remember that I heard Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that when he was that year when the Plague raged a school-boy at Eton, all the boys at that school were obliged to smoke in the school, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking." This, of course, was before the invention of the cigarette, which school-boys *think* is "smoking"; and Head Masters in our days do not order smoking as a preventive of plagues of any kind.

Numerous and voluminous and encouraging are the statistical reports of the longevity of smokers. Abram Favrol died in Switzerland in 1796 with a pipe in his mouth, and at the age of one hundred and four. In 1856 there died in Yorkshire one Jane Garbutt, widow, in her one hundred and tenth year, who declared solemnly that she "had smoked very nigh" upon a century. In *A Paper of Tobacco* we read that in Silesia there was once "living an old man named Henry Hertz, of the age of one hundred and forty-two, who had been a Tobacco-taker from his youth upwards, and still continued to smoke a pipe or two every day." In *The Cigar and Smoker's Companion* (London, 1845) we are told that "Old Parr was such an inveterate smoker that he is said to have even tanned his skin by the absorption into his pores." "Old" Parr was so called because he is supposed to have died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two. The only very old person who is recorded as having died from the effects of Tobacco was Mrs. Pheasy Molloy, who departed this life suddenly, in Derbyshire, in 1854, at the age of ninety-six, from excessive smoking—her clothes having caught fire from an open grate while she was in the act of lighting her pipe! Among the well-known smokers of Tobacco whom Tobacco did not prematurely kill may be mentioned Thomas Hobbes, who died at the age of ninety-two; Izaak Walton, at ninety; Sir Isaac Newton, at eighty-four; Dr. Samuel Parr, at seventy-eight; Thomas Carlyle, at eighty-six; and Lord Tennyson, at eighty-three.

Talfourd says that Charles Lamb "loved smoking 'not wisely but too well,' for he had to be content with the coarsest variety of the great herb. When Dr. Parr, who took only the finest tobacco . . . . saw Lamb smoking the strongest preparations of the weed, puffing out smoke like some ferocious enchanter, he gently laid down his pipe, and asked him how he acquired his power of smoking at such a rate. Lamb answered, 'I toiled after it, sir, as some men toil after virtue.'" In the Memoirs of Dr. Parr we are informed that "Tobacco calmed his agitated spirits; it assisted his private ruminations; it was his helpmeet in composition. Have we not seen him darkening the air with its clouds when his mind was laboring with thoughts? His pipe was so necessary for his thought that he always left the table for it, and the house of the person he visited if it was not prepared."

It will be remembered, when an unusually bad and unpopular man died in the far West, some years ago, that there was no friend to speak a word in his praise, until one sympathetic bystander thus sounded his requiem: "Well, he was a good smoker!" And that was felt to be enough.

Rogers, in his "Table Talk," quotes Porson as saying that "when smoking began to go out of fashion, learning began to go out of fashion too." Neither learning nor smoking is likely to go out of fashion in our generation; and Mr. John Fiske, in his learned work on Alcohol and Tobacco, proves very conclusively that the Coming Man will smoke.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

AT MILHAU.

I FOUND it strange to meet, wherever I went, armed peasants in the fields; to light in each village on men drilling; to enter inns and find a dozen rustics seated round a table, with glasses and wine, and perhaps an inkpot, before them, and to learn that they called themselves a committee. But I saw, towards evening of the third day, a stranger thing than any of these. I was beginning to mount the valley of the Tarn, which runs up into the Cevennes at Milhau. A north wind was blowing; the sky was overcast, the landscape gray and bare; a league before me masses of mountains stood up deep blue. On a sudden, as I walked wearily beside my horse, I heard voices singing in chorus, and I looked about me in astonishment. The sound, clear and sweet as fairy music, seemed to rise from the very earth.

An instant later the mystery explained itself. I found myself on the verge of a little dip in the ground, and saw below me a hamlet, and on the hither side of it a crowd of a hundred or more men and women. They were dancing and singing round a great tree, leafless, but decked with flags; a few old people sat about the roots inside the circle, and but for the cold weather and the bleak outlook, I might have thought that I had come on a May-day festival.

My appearance checked the singing for a moment; then two elderly peasants made their way through the ring and came to meet me, walking hand in hand. "Welcome to Vlais and Giron!" cried one. "Welcome to Giron and Vlais!" cried the other. And then, before I could answer, "You come on a happy day!" cried both together.

I could not help smiling. "I am glad of that," I said. "May I ask what is the reason of your meeting?"

"The communes of Giron and Vlais, of Vlais and Giron," they answered, speaking alternately, "are to-day one. To-day, monsieur, old boundaries disappear, old feuds die. The noble heart of Giron, the noble heart of Vlais, beat as one."

I could scarcely refrain from laughing at their simplicity. Fortunately at that moment the circle round the tree resumed their song and dance, which had even in that weather a pretty effect, as of a Watteau fête. I congratulated the two peasants on the sight.

"But, monsieur, this is nothing," one of them answered, gravely. "It is not only that the boundaries of communes are disappearing; those of provinces are of the past also. At Valence, beyond the mountains, the two banks of the Rhone have clasped hands and sworn eternal amity. Henceforth all Frenchmen are brothers, all Frenchmen are of all provinces."

"That is a fine idea," I said.

"No son of France will again shed French blood!"

"So be it."

"Catholic and Protestant, Protestant and Catholic, will live at peace. There will be no lawsuits. Grain will circulate freely, unchecked by tolls or dues. All will be free, monsieur; all will be rich."

They said more in the same tone; but my thoughts strayed from them, attracted by a man who, seated among the peasants at the foot of the tree, seemed to my eyes to be of another class. Tall and lean, with lank black hair, and features of a stern sour cast, he had nothing of outward show to distinguish him from those round him. His dress, a rough hunting-suit, was old and patched; the spurs on his brown mud-stained boots were rusty and bent. But his carriage possessed an ease the others lacked, and in the way he watched the circling rustics I read a quiet scorn.

I did not notice that he heeded or returned my gaze, but I had not gone a hundred paces, after taking leave of the two Mayors, before I heard a step, and looking round, saw the stranger coming after me. He beckoned, and I waited until he overtook me.

"You are going to Milhau?" he said, speaking abruptly, and with a strong country accent, yet as to an equal.

"Yes, but I doubt if I shall reach the town to-night."

"I am going also," he answered. "My horse is in the village."

And he walked beside me until we reached the hamlet. There—the place was deserted—he brought from an outhouse a sorry mare, and mounted. "What do you think of that rubbish?" he said, suddenly, as we took the road again. I had watched his proceedings in silence.

"I fear that they expect too much," I answered.

He laughed—a horse-laugh full of scorn. "They think that the Millennium has come," he said. "And in a month they will find their barns burned and their throats cut."

"I hope not," I said.

"Oh, I hope not!" he answered, cynically. "I hope not, of course. But even so Vive la Nation! Vive la Révolution!"

"What, if that be its fruit?" I asked.

"Ay; why not?" he answered, his gloomy eyes fixed on me. "What has the old rule done for me that I should fear to try the new? Left me to starve on an old rock and a dove-cote, sheltered by bare stones, and eating out of a black pot! While women and bankers, scented fops and lazy priests, prick it before the King! And why? Because I am still, sir, what half the nation once were."

"A Protestant?" I hazarded.

"Yes, monsieur. And a poor noble," he answered, bitterly. "The Baron de Geol, at your service."

I gave him my name in return.

"You wear the tricolor," he said. "Yet you think me extreme. You shrug your shoulders. I answer that that is all very well for you; but we are different people. You are doubtless a family man, M. le Vicomte, with a wife—"

"On the contrary, M. le Baron."

"Then a mother, a sister?"

"No," I said, smiling. "I have neither. I am quite alone."

"At least with a home, means, friends, employment, or the chance of employment?" he persisted.

"Yes," I said. "That is so."

"Whereas, I—I," he answered, growing guttural in his excitement, "have none of these things. I cannot enter the army—I am a Protestant! I am shut off from the service of the state—I am a Protestant! I cannot be a lawyer or a judge—I am a Protestant! The King's schools are closed to me—I am a Protestant! I cannot appear at court—I am a Protestant! I— In the eyes of the law I do not exist—I—I, monsieur," he continued, more slowly, and with a proud air, "whose ancestors stood before kings, and whose grandfather's great-grandfather saved the fourth Henry's life at Coutras—I do not exist!"

"But now?" I said, startled by his tone of passion.

"Ay, now," he answered, grimly, "it is going to be different. It is going to be otherwise, unless these black crows of priests put the clock back again. That is why I am on the road."

"You are going to Milhau?"

"I live near Milhau," he answered. "I have been from home. But I am not going home now. I am going farther—to Nimes."

"To Nimes?" I said, in surprise.

"Yes," he said. And he looked at me a trifle grimly, and did not say any more. It was growing dark; the valley of the Tarn, up which our road lay, fertile and pleasant to the eye in summer, wore in this half-light a savage and rugged aspect. Mountains towered on either side; and sometimes, when the road drew near the river, the rushing of the water, as it swirled and eddied among the rocks, added its note of melancholy to the scene. I shivered. The uncertainty of my quest, the uncertainty of everything, pressed upon me. I was glad when my companion roused himself from his brooding and pointed to the lights of Milhau glimmering here and there on a little plain where the mountains recede from the river.

"You are doubtless going to the inn?" he said, as we entered the outskirts. I assented. "Then we part here," he continued. "To-morrow, if you are going to Nimes—But you may prefer to travel alone?"

"No, indeed," I said.

"Well, I shall be leaving the east gate about eight o'clock," he answered, grudgingly. "Good-night, monsieur."

I bade him good-night, and rode into the town; through narrow mean streets, under dark archways and hanging lanterns that swung and creaked in the wind, and did everything but light the squalid obscurity. Though night had fallen, people were moving to and fro; the place, after the solitudes through which I had ridden, had the air of a city; and presently I became aware that a little crowd was following my horse. Before I had reached the inn, which stood in a dimly lit square, the crowd had grown to a great one, and was beginning to press upon me, some who marched nearest to me staring up inquisitively into my face; others, farther off, calling out to their neighbors, or to dim forms at doors and basement windows, that it was he! It was he!

Still, they did not molest me, and when I halted they halted too, and I dismounted almost in their arms. "This is the inn?" I said to those nearest to me.

"Yes! Yes!" they cried, with one voice. "That is the inn."

"My horse—"

"We will take the horse! Enter! Enter!"

I had little choice, they flocked so closely round me; and affecting ease, I went in, thinking that they would not follow, and that inside I should learn the meaning of their conduct. But the moment my back was turned they pressed in after me and beside me, and almost sweeping me off my feet, urged me along the narrow passage of the house, whether I would or no. I tried to turn and remonstrate, but the foremost drowned my words in loud cries for M. Flandre! M. Flandre!

Fortunately M. Flandre was not far off. A door towards which I was being urged opened, and he appeared—an immensely stout man, with a face to match his body. He gazed at us for a moment, astounded by the invasion. Then he asked, angrily, what was the matter? "Ventre de Ciel!" he cried. "Is this my house, or yours, rascals? Who is this?"

"The Capuchin! The Capuchin!" cried a dozen voices.

"Ho, ho!" he answered, before I could speak. "Bring a light."

Two or three barearmed women, whom the noise had brought to another door, fetched candles, and raising them above their heads, gazed at me curiously. "Ho, ho!" he said again. "The Capuchin, is it? So you have got him?"

"Do I look like one?" I cried, angrily, thrusting back those who pressed on me most closely. "*Nom de Dieu!* Is this the way you receive guests? Or is the town gone mad?"

"You are not the Capuchin monk?" he said, somewhat taken aback, I could see, by my boldness.

"Have I not said that I am not? Do monks in your country travel in boots and spurs?" I retorted.

"Then your papers," he answered, curtly. "Your papers. I would have you to know," he continued, puffing out his cheeks, "that I am Mayor here as well as host, and I keep the jail as well as the inn. Your papers, monsieur, if you prefer the one to the other."

"Before your friends here?" I said, contemptuously.

"They are good citizens," he answered.

I had some fear that the commission I carried might fail to produce all the effects with which I had credited it. But I had no choice, and ultimately nothing to dread; and after a momentary hesitation I produced it. Fortunately it was drawn in complimentary terms, and gave the Mayor, I know not how, the idea that I was actually bound at the moment on an errand of state. In a moment, therefore, he broke into a hundred apologies, craved leave to salute me, and announced to the listening crowd that they had made a mistake.

It struck me at the time as strange that they, the crowd, were not at all embarrassed by their error. On the contrary, they hastened to congratulate me, and even patted me on the shoulder in their good humor; some went to see that my horse was brought in, and the rest dispersed, leaving me fain to believe that they would have hung me to the nearest *lanterne* with the same stolid complaisance.

When only two or three remained I asked the Mayor for whom they had taken me.

"A disguised monk, M. le Vicomte," he said. "A very dangerous fellow, who is known to be travelling with two ladies—all to Nimes; and orders have been sent from a high quarter to arrest him."

"But I am alone!" I protested. "I have no ladies with me."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Just so, M. le Vicomte," he answered. "But we have got the two ladies. They were arrested this morning while attempting to pass through the town in a carriage. We know, therefore, that he is now alone."

"Oh!" I said. "So you only want him now? What is the charge against him?" I continued, remembering with a languid stirring of the pulses that a Capuchin monk had visited Father Benoît before his departure. It seemed to me strange that I should come upon the traces of another here.

"He is charged," M. Flandre answered, pompously, "with High Treason against the Nation. He has been seen here, there, and everywhere, at Montpellier, and Cette,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

and Albi, and as far away as Auch; and always preaching war, and corrupting the people."

"And the ladies?" I asked, smiling. "Have they too been—"

"No, M. le Vicomte. But it is believed that, wishing to return to Nîmes, and learning that the roads were watched, he disguised himself and joined himself to them. Doubtless they are devotes."

"Poor things!" I said, with a shiver; every one seemed to be so good-tempered, and yet so hard. "What will you do with them?"

"I shall send for orders," he answered. "In his case," he continued, airily, "I should not need them. But here is your supper. Pardon me, M. le Vicomte, if I do not attend on you myself. As Mayor I have to take care that I do not compromise—but you will understand?"

Supper being laid, as was then usual in the smaller inns, in my bedroom, I asked him to take a glass of wine with me, and over the meal learned much of the state of the country, and the fermentation that was at work along the southern seaboard, the priests stirring up the people with processions and sermons. He waxed especially eloquent upon the excitement at Nîmes, where the masses were bigoted Romanists; yet the Protestants had a following too, with the hardy peasants of the mountains at their backs. "There will be trouble, M. le Vicomte—there will be trouble here," he said. "Things are going too well for the people *la bas*. They will stop them if they can."

"And this man you say?"

"Is one of their missionaries."

I thought of Father Benoît, and sighed. "By-the-way, that is curious," the Mayor said, abruptly, gazing at me in moony thoughtfulness.

"What?" I said.

"You come from Cahors, M. le Vicomte?"

"Well?"

"So do these women; or they say they do. The prisoners."

"From Cahors?"

"Yes; it is odd now," he continued, "that when I read your commission I did not think of that."

I shrugged my shoulders impatiently. "It does not follow that I am in the plot," I said. "For goodness' sake, M. le Maire, do not let us open the case again. You have seen my papers, and—"

"Tut, tut!" he said. "That is not my meaning. But you may know them."

"Oh!" I said; and then I sat a moment, staring at him between the candles, my hand raised, a morsel on my fork. A wild extravagant thought had flashed into my mind. Two ladies from Cahors? "How do they call themselves?" I asked.

"Corvas," he answered.

"Oh, Corvas," I said, falling to earth again, and putting the morsel into my mouth. I went on with my supper.

"Yes. A merchant's wife, she says she is. But you should see her."

"I don't remember the name," I said.

"Still, you may know them," he rejoined, with the dull persistence of a man of few ideas. "It is just possible that we have made a mistake, for we found no papers in the carriage, and only one thing that seemed suspicious."

"What was that?"

"A red cockade."

"A *red* cockade?"

"Yes," he answered. "The badge of the old Leaguers."

"But," I said, "I have not heard of any party adopting that."

He rubbed his bald head. "No," he said, "that is true." Still, it is a color we don't like here. And two ladies travelling alone! Then their driver, a half-witted fellow, who said that they had engaged him at Rodez, though he denied stoutly that he had seen the Capuchin, told two or three tales. However, if you will eat no more, M. le Vicomte, I will take you to see them. You may be able to speak for or against them."

"If you do not think that it is too late," I said, shrinking somewhat from the interview.

"Prisoners must not be choosers," he answered, with a sinister chuckle. And he called from the door for a lantern and his cloak.

"The ladies are not here, then?" I said.

"No," he answered, with a wink. "Safe bind, safe find. But they have nothing to cry about. There are one or two rough fellows in the clink, so Rabet, the jailer, has given them room in his house."

At this moment the lantern came, and the Mayor having wrapped his portly person in a cloak, we passed out of the house. The square outside was utterly dark. Such lights as had been burning when I arrived had been extinguished, perhaps by the wind, which was rising, and blew keenly across the open space. The yellow glare of the lantern, though it showed us a few feet of the roadway, and enabled us to pick our steps, redoubled the darkness beyond. I could not see even the line of the roofs, and had no idea in what direction we had gone or how far, when M. Flandre halted, and raising the lantern, threw its light on a greasy stone wall, and, set deep in the stonework, a low iron-studded door. About the middle of the door hung a huge knocker, and above this was a small grille.

"Safe bind, safe find," the Mayor said again, with a fat chuckle; but instead of raising the knocker, he drew his stick sharply across the bars of the grille.

The summons was understood and answered. A face peered a moment through the grating; then the door opened to us. We went in out of the night into a close warm air reeking of onions and foul tobacco and a hundred like odors. The jailer silently locked the door behind us, and then, taking the Mayor's lantern from him, led the way

"'SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND,' AND HE DREW HIS STICK SHARPLY ACROSS THE BARS OF THE GRILLE."

down a grimy low-roofed passage barely wide enough for one man. He halted at the first door on the left of the passage, and threw it open.

M. Flandre entered first, and standing while he removed his hat, filled up for a moment the doorway. I had time to hear and note a burst of obscene singing, which came from a room further down the passage, and the frequent baying of a prison dog, that, hearing us, flung itself against its chain somewhere in the same direction. The walls of the passage in which I stood were dingy and trickling with moisture. I noted that too. And then a voice speaking in answer to M. Flandre's salutation caught my ear and held me motionless.

The voice was madame's—Madame de St. Alais's!

It was fortunate that I had entertained, though but a second, the wild extravagant thought that had occurred to me at supper, for it prepared me now, and I had little time for other preparation, for thought, or decision. Luckily, too, the room was thick with vile tobacco smoke, and I took advantage of a fit of coughing, partly assumed, to linger an instant on the threshold after M. Flandre had gone in. Then I followed him.

There were four people in the room besides the Mayor, but I scarcely saw the frowsy man and woman who sat playing with a filthy pack of cards at a table in the middle of the floor. I had only eyes for madame and mademoiselle, and I devoured them. They sat on two stools on the farther side of the hearth, the girl with her head laid wearily back against the wall and her eyes half closed, the mother erect and watchful, meeting the Mayor's look with a smile of defiance. Neither prison nor danger nor the companionship of this squalid hole had had power to reduce her fine spirit; but as her eyes, passing from the Mayor to me, encountered mine, she started to her feet with a gasping cry, and stood staring at me.

It was not wonderful that for a second, peering through the reek, she doubted. But one there was who did not doubt. Mademoiselle, at the sound of her mother's cry, had sprung up also, and for the briefest moment we looked at one another. Then she sank back on to her stool, and I heard her break into violent crying.

"Hallo!" said the Mayor, "what is this?"

"A mistake, I fear," I said, hoarsely, in words I had already composed. "I am thankful, madame," I continued, bowing to her with ceremony, "that I am so fortunate as to be here."

She muttered something, and leaned against the wall. She had not yet recovered herself.

"You know the ladies?" the Mayor said, turning to me, and speaking roughly, and with a tinge of suspicion in his voice. And he looked from one to the other of us in bewilderment.

"Well," I said.

"They are from Cahors?"

"From that neighborhood."

"But," he said, "I told you their names, and you said that you did not know them, M. le Vicomte?"

For a moment I held my breath, gazing into madame's face, and reading there a breathless anxiety, a growing terror, the horror of discovery. Then I took the leap; I could have done nothing else. "You told me Corvas—that the ladies' name was Corvas," I muttered.

"Yes," he said.

"But madame's name is Correas."

"Correas?" he repeated, his jaw falling.

"Yes, Correas. I dare say that the ladies," I added, with assumed ease, "did not speak very clearly in their fright."

"And their name is Correas?"

"I told you that it was," madame answered, speaking for the first time, "and also that I knew nothing of your Capuchin monk. And this last," she continued, earnestly, her eyes fixed on mine in passionate appeal—in appeal that this time could not be mistaken—"I say again on my honor—on my honor!"

I knew that she meant this for me. "There, M. le Maire," I said; "I am afraid that you have made a mistake. I will answer for madame as for myself."

The Mayor rubbed his head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"'WHEREAS I—I,' HE ANSWERED, GROWING GUTTURAL IN HIS EXCITEMENT, 'HAVE NONE OF THESE THINGS.'"

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

ADEN.

AT a distance of about eleven hundred miles from Suez the Red Sea contracts into the narrow strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and the vessel eastward bound passes into the Gulf of Aden. On the north side of this gulf, less than a hundred miles eastward from the entrance of the strait, rises the rocky promontory of Aden, one of the most striking objects on the Arabian peninsula. There are really two promontories with a bay between them, which forms a double harbor. The eastern is the larger of the two, and also the more lofty, rising to a height of about eighteen hundred feet, and descending on the seaward side in almost perpendicular cliffs into the deep waters of the open gulf. The mass of volcanic rock stretches nearly five miles from west to east, and is one of the most desolate and forbidding spots on the earth's surface. The rock itself is nearly black, and is almost entirely bare of vegetation, and, as it lies basking in the blinding haze of dazzling sunlight, it has the appearance of having been burnt to a cinder where it stands—an impression to which the sensations of the observer easily lend themselves in that burning atmosphere.

Aden has been since 1839 a British possession, having been ceded to the English government as an indemnity for the cruelties practised in the neighborhood on a crew of shipwrecked sailors. The town lies at the foot of the promontory, where it joins the mainland, on the inner harbor, which is secure and deep enough to admit vessels drawing twenty feet of water. Aden is one of the hottest of inhabited places. It is built in the crater of an extinct volcano, the rocky walls of which rise perpendicularly on the three landward sides of the town to a height of several hundred feet. There are no special attractions about the place except its singular position and motley inhabitants, yet Aden is rapidly recovering the position it held as a great *entrepôt* of trade from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. The discovery at that time of the eastern route by way of the Cape of Good Hope destroyed its trade, and reduced its importance so that from a great commercial centre it had sunk to little more than a squalid village when it was ceded to England in 1839. The opening of the Suez Canal has already restored its prosperity and increased its population to the measure of its most palmy days. It is calculated that about two thousand steamers now call at Aden each year, and its harbor and outer roads present an animated spectacle, owing to the number and variety of the craft that are constantly entering and leaving the port. The peninsula produces nothing of its own, and its only manufactures are water, which is largely distilled, and salt, which is manufactured on the coast in its neighborhood. There were formerly large and splendid water-tanks on the rock, some of which have been restored, but as it is by no means uncommon for the promontory to remain without a shower for a year or two at a time, the artificial production of fresh water has been largely substituted for all storage supply schemes.

Our picture of a water-cart drawn by a camel indicates one of the most common and necessary industries of the place, and the curious contrast of the iron water-tank with its light iron carriage and wheels, drawn by the gaunt "ship of the desert," is one of those features which supply an element of novelty and interest to what would otherwise be a very uninteresting town. The architecture of the public offices before which the cart is standing gives an idea of the plan adopted to render the climate endurable by European constitutions.

Besides the coal for the supply of shipping, which is perhaps the main feature in the commerce of Aden, the place serves as the port of shipment for a considerable variety of articles of merchandise collected from neighboring countries. Thus the group of camels of which, with their drivers, we give a characteristic picture, has brought Arabian coffee from the interior to the port. The motley crowd of small sailing-vessels that throng the harbor and dot with their sails the waters of the gulf bring cargoes of dyes and feathers from the coast of Africa, gums and spices from the Arabian peninsula, and mother-of-pearl from the Red Sea fisheries.

Our steamer, from which our picture of the town and harbor was taken, lies, unfortunately for the view, in the outer roads, unloading cargo. Some half-mile to the east, on the right of our picture, rises the beetling promontory, bare, black, and rugged. Here and there something that looks like a fort or battery shows itself on the summit, and high up on a peak by itself there is a light-house. The fortified headland seems to overhang and dominate the waters of the gulf below. In the roads there are several large steamers homeward or outward bound in the India, China, or Australian trades. But our time is up, our anchor is weighed, and, heading for the east, we steam away for Ceylon under the menacing shadows of the armed cliffs of Aden.

DAVID M. STONE.

DAVID MARVIN STONE, who for forty-four years was connected with the *Journal of Commerce*, for the most of that time as its editor-in-chief, died at his home in Brooklyn, Tuesday evening, April 2, 1895, of enlargement of the heart, complicated with catarrh of the stomach.

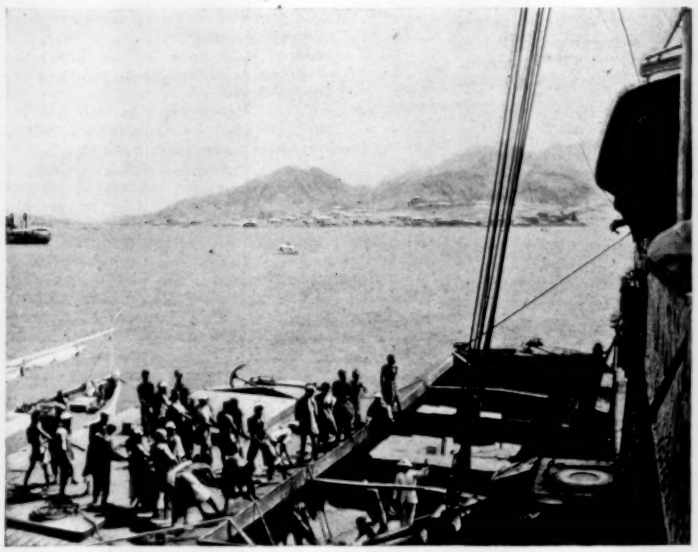
Born in Oxford, Connecticut, December 23, 1817, the son of a country physician, and the youngest of five children, David M. Stone left home at the age of fourteen to earn his own living. He engaged in various pursuits, teaching school in his seventeenth year, and in 1842 going into the dry-goods commission business in Philadelphia. On the failure of the house with which he was connected, in 1849, Mr. Stone came to New York, and became the editor of the *Dry-Goods Reporter*.

He soon left that paper, and in December of the same year went to the *Journal of Commerce* as commercial and financial reporter, contributing occasionally to its editorial pages.

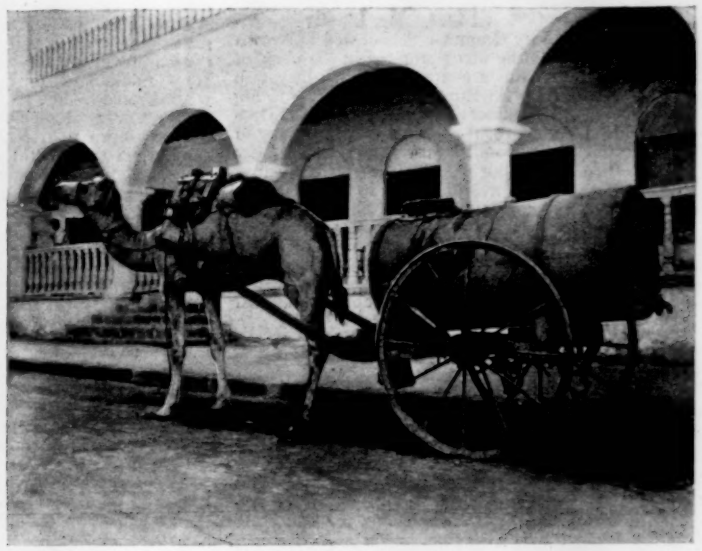
At the beginning of the civil war the paper fell under the suspicion of the authorities in Washington as being too favorable to Southern interests. The mails were closed to it, and its existence was imperilled. Learning through a letter of Secretary Seward's to David Hoadley that he would be *persona grata* to the government, Mr. Stone, with his friend William C. Prime, secured control of the *Journal of Commerce* in 1861.

From that time until June, 1893, Mr. Stone was the responsible head and chief editorial writer upon the paper, and to him were due the success and reputation it achieved. He was a man of strong personality and characteristics, and combined a large and vigorous physical frame with mental abilities of a high order.

His views were conservative, and based on a long and close study of the practical workings of economic principles in the commercial world; his style was clear, analytic, and forceful. The earnest convictions, religious and political, of his vigorous intellect found frequent utterance on the editorial page. He profoundly respected the dignity and important functions of journalism. He felt that he was in the position of a teacher and a moulder of opinion, and the consciousness of a high purpose and



UNLOADING SHIP.



A WATER-DEALER'S CART.

GROUP OF ARABS FROM MOCHA.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN ADEN.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

calling prevented him from remaining silent when he felt that he had a message to speak. His keen logic and confident belief always won respect for the political arguments and essays on trade moralities which occasionally occupied the space usually given to the discussion of the financial and commercial situation, even when they did not change the opinions of the reader. Yet, in spite of the strong individuality which characterized his writings, they were never marked by rancor, even in times of the greatest stress of feeling and bitterness of discussion. In 1893, when the *Journal of Commerce* became merged with the *Commercial Bulletin*, and Mr. Stone retired from editorial work, he was able to say that he had never intentionally written a word to hurt the feeling of any person.

Of untiring energy, he was constantly at his post, his only vacations being Sundays and the legal holidays. He was, however, a firm believer in the value of out-door exercise, and was extremely fond of walking, riding, driving, shooting, and fishing. His house on Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, was surrounded by ample grounds, and here he found scope for indulging a taste for floriculture in his extensive gardens and greenhouses. Outside of his regular work Mr. Stone found time to contribute a weekly financial review to the New York *Observer*, and to conduct the financial department of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, while from 1852, for over twenty-five years, he served as president of the New York Associated Press.

That he was a devoted member of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn is attested by the fact that he heard all but three of over one thousand sermons preached by its former pastor, the Rev. Dr. Scudder, and, until his last illness prevented, all of those preached by his successor, the Rev. Dr. Behrend. He was active in Sunday-school work, and the popular Sunday-school book, *Frank Forest*, which he wrote, passed through over forty editions. He gave freely of his large means—his wife, to whom he was married in 1841, wisely and unostentatiously acting as his almoner until her death in 1887. They had no children.

RHODE ISLAND'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Rhode Island's State election took place on Tuesday, April 2d. The result was so evidently a foregone conclusion that many thousands of Democrats absented themselves from the polls, so that, in spite of a very light vote, the result showed exceptionally large pluralities for the Republican ticket.

Charles Warren Lippitt, the successful Republican candidate for Governor, was born in Providence in 1846, and is the eldest son of the late Henry Lippitt, who was Governor of the State in 1875 and 1876. Mr. Lippitt was educated at the University Grammar School and at Brown University, from which he was graduated in the class of 1865. After a post-graduate course in English literature at Harvard, he travelled in Europe until 1869, returning to enter the office of the Silver Spring Bleaching and Dyeing Company. He was elected treasurer of the company in 1871, a position which he still holds. Since 1891 he has also been president of the Social Manufacturing Company, and has other large commercial interests in the State.

Mr. Lippitt possesses the confidence of business men in his State and in the country. He served four years as first vice-president and as president of the Providence Board of Trade. He has been successively secretary, vice-president, and president of the Commercial Club of Providence, and for one year was president of the National Board of Trade.

THE MAN WHO DIVES.

"'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
I do it again and again.'"

Louis Golden has never heard of Father William, but his reasoning follows the same path. He began by diving from a low spring-board in the Chicago natatorium, and now he goes calmly about his business of shocking thousands of spectators at the circus by plunging head-foremost from a perch sixty feet high down into a tank of water seven feet deep. Every time he does it timid persons shut their eyes and press their hands to their brows, and even the boldest feel a strange fluttering at the heart. Some day the crowd may see the diver's last leap. The slightest error in aim, or just the least bit of muscular spasm in mid-air, will spin him over on his back. That dive will be the last. If Hadrian had only thought of it, he probably would have provided sixty-foot leaps and seven-foot tanks for the Christians he wished to destroy.

The man who dives is young and tall and strong. He is always smiling. Almost six feet in height, his body is lancelike in its modelling. Long smooth muscles play along his arms. His shoulders are singularly thin at the top, but they broaden into formidable wedges of brawn below. His preparations for the dive are few. He wears red tights and a black armless jersey. Around each wrist he buckles a stout leather strap to brace the tendons and prevent a sprain at the awful moment when the hands strike the water.

There is a pool of black water at the east end of Madison Square Garden. It is twenty-four feet in diameter, and seven feet deep in the middle, tapering to two feet of depth at the edges. Before the diver appears a party of clowns play around the pool. A stream of water gushes up from a pipe standing in the middle, and the fountain is radiant in greens and reds and blues. The pipe falls over, and three men drag it away. Louis Golden marches confidently to the edge of the pool. He watches the men with a great deal of care as they take away the pipe. If they should forget to remove it the consequences might be serious. A boat lies at one side of the little lake and a canoe rocks at the other. There is a log floating near by. The diver thrusts one foot into a sling at the end of a long tackle, and a gang of men walk away with the rope. Up, up, up he goes, as if his journey would never end.

Now the diver stands upon a plank stretched between two of the iron trusses that support the roof of the Garden. He looks no bigger than a ten-year-old boy. One of the clowns looks up at him and yells through his curved hand, "All clear below!" His voice has the sound of a dirge.

The man in red poises himself on tiptoe. Twice he bends his knees swiftly, as if trying their suppleness. Then he stretches his arms horizontally and moves them with the movement of flying. He leans far forward—further—further—and then launches himself from his foothold. His body seems to lie flat upon the air. Swifter and swifter it flies. Within a few yards of the water the hands meet above the man's head. He bends forward a trifle. In this position he crashes into the pool, just at the middle of it, plunges to the bottom, and goes to the furthest wall. Suddenly doubling, he comes to the surface, swimming in the opposite direction, and the crowd makes up for its lost heart-beats by clapping hands furiously.

CHICAGO'S NEW MAYOR.

The tidal wave of municipal reform has reached Chicago. George B. Swift, the Republican and civil service reform candidate for Mayor, was elected, Tuesday, April 2d, over Frank Wenter, Democrat, by a plurality of 40,913 votes. This is the largest plurality ever polled by a municipal candidate in that city. Its size was as unexpected by Republicans as by Democrats, and indicates that many of those who voted for Mayor Hopkins declined to cast their suffrage for the candidate of the party which was responsible for him—a circumstance probably not as surprising to outside observers as to local partisans, in view of the occurrences of last summer. The Republicans made a clean sweep, and, so far as can be ascertained, only five Democratic Aldermen were elected.

George B. Swift was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1846, and soon moved with his parents to Galena, Illinois. He went to Chicago in 1862, and was a classmate of Melville E. Stone, Luther L. Mills, and other prominent Chicagoans at the Chicago High-School; he also attended the Chicago University. On leaving college he went first to the wholesale drug house of Lord & Smith, but in 1867 he became a junior member of the firm of Frazer & Swift, manufacturers of lubricating oils, and in 1870 he became vice-president of the Frazer Company.

Mr. Swift has taken an active part in Republican politics. He served as Alderman from the Eleventh Ward in 1879, and in 1884 President Arthur appointed him special Treasury agent in Chicago, a position which he filled in businesslike and creditable manner.

He was appointed Commissioner of Public Works in 1887 by Mayor Roche, but resigned two years later on account of the pressure of private affairs. The late Carter B. Harrison considered him the best Commissioner of Public Works Chicago ever had, an opinion echoed by other influential men in the city. He was again chosen Alderman from the Eleventh Ward in 1892, and on the assassination of Mr. Harrison, in November, 1893, was chosen Mayor *pro tem.* until a successor could be elected. He was nominated for the office by the Republicans, but was defeated by Mr. Hopkins.

The new civil service law was adopted by a larger majority even than Mr. Swift's plurality, and its advocates seem confident that it will be safe in his hands. His election will be a severe blow to the police influence in politics, the dangers of which the city has so recently experienced.

FOUNDATIONS FOR TALL BUILDINGS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

The tall buildings in the lower part of the city have become so numerous that time-honored landmarks are now dwarfed into comparative insignificance, and serve their old-time purpose no longer. The spire of Trinity stood out for generations in solitary grace at the head of Wall Street, but in a few years more it will fail to arrest the eye in a glance from the bay or from the promenade of the Brooklyn Bridge. Indeed, before another year, just across the street from Trinity, a building will be finished the cornice of which will be twenty feet higher than the cross on Trinity's steeple. A score of years ago a structure like the one to which I allude, the American Surety Company building, designed by Mr. Bruce Price, could not have been erected so as to be at once safe and profitable. Now it is possible because of the improvements in the manufacture of steel, and of the new methods in caisson-work, by which foundations can be sunk to any desired depth.

The problem Mr. Bruce Price had to solve in securing stable foundations for the immense pile now building was difficult, and the work as it progressed has been watched with great interest and curiosity, the uninformed layman usually shaking his head after a glance at what was going on, and leaving the scene with some misgiving as to the solidity of these ingeniously constructed foundations. Here are some of the factors of the problem Mr. Price had to solve: On a plot of ground about 85 feet square he had to construct a building 21 stories above the sidewalk, or 304 feet high. The bed-rock was found to be 72 feet beneath the sidewalk; and 44 feet above this water was struck. The plot on which the new building was to be erected was bounded on two sides by a building the foundations of which extended only 19 feet below the street, and stopped 53 feet short of the bed-rock. If he put foundations down in the old-fashioned way, he would have had to use a great and extravagant proportion of the space now to be occupied by the lower stories, besides pretty certainly disturbing the foundations of the adjoining building. To get around these difficulties he concluded to put the new building on piers so placed that they could be sunk to bed-rock without injury to existing walls, and then connected them together in such a way by beams and cantilevers that in effect the bearing is the same as though the whole area were solid rock, for the bearings of the columns supporting the steel frame of the building are directly over the tops of these piers.

But let us see first how these piers are built. There are thirteen piers, and under each is a rectangular caisson of half-inch steel seven feet in internal height and with its outside wall carried up two feet higher. From the caisson top a working-shaft of steel three by five feet in area rises, and on top of this air-shaft is placed an air-lock contained in a cylinder six feet in diameter and ten feet high. After the caisson is established in place the ground beneath is dug out, and drawn up through the working-shaft in buckets. Then concrete is laid on top to the depth of two feet within the upward extension of its walls, and on this brick-work is laid. As fast as the caisson sinks, the brick-work is laid over it, so that it is continually subjected to an increasing pressure. As the pier goes down, a new section of air-shaft has to be fitted in from time to time. Until water is reached all is clear sailing. Then the work becomes more difficult, as it is necessary to apply air-pressure. The air-lock having been fastened to the top of the shaft, thenceforward for the rest of the descent air is pumped in under pressure. When the bed-rock has been reached, then the interior of the caisson is filled with concrete, and the pier is complete.

"In the early days of caisson-work under compressed air," says an authority on engineering, "the lives of the workmen were sacrificed by the wholesale. The conditions for the preservation of health under the trying circumstances of caisson-work, and the medical treatment of caisson diseases, were little understood. But when the medical faculty took up the problem it was found possible to greatly reduce the danger, so that caisson-work now has a widely different aspect from what it once had. In the first place, the men who work in compressed air are more carefully chosen on account of their physical fitness, a preference being given for men of medium size. During the caisson-work they understand very well that they must abstain from any excess in drinking. This they do from the necessity of the case. Some of them who are addicted to intemperance will work in a caisson until they accumulate considerable money, and will then, after the operation is over, enter on a long course of dissipation. The period of work in the caisson is also short, six hours being allowed under the lighter pressures. The custom with some of the best engineers is to have a supply of hot coffee for the men to drink, and facilities for a hot bath as they leave the caisson. A physician is kept constantly accessible for instant treatment for any patient sent up from below."

The piers having been completed as described, the masonry is covered with a steel plate. On this is placed a grillage, whose first course is made of ten 24-inch I beams, weighing 80 pounds to the foot. These beams are just long enough to extend across the top of the pier, which is covered by them, laid closely together. Transversely to these, five 20-inch I beams, weighing 60 pounds to the foot, are laid, covering about one-fourth of the area, only in the centre. A course of steel billets, four inches square each, rests on these beams, and on this course of the grillage the base of the column is placed. This description applies to the direct bearing columns. But on the piers near the limits of the lot, and where the other house before alluded to now stands, a directly bearing column would have rested dangerously near the edge of the foundation piers. To provide for this difficulty cantilevers are employed to shift the bearing of the outside column back to the centre of the pier. On precisely such grillages as already described a very deep plate girder is established, which rests on two sets of steel billets, each set placed approximately over the centre of a pier top. The inner end of the cantilever is held down by massive iron straps. Its outer end extends for several feet beyond the steel billets, and on its outer extremity is placed the column of the outer wall. As the building goes up, the tie just described holds the inward end of the cantilever down in its place. On the same inner end is established another column, which, in the completed building, supports such a share of the weight as to take the strain from the anchorage. We therefore see the wall of a building 304 feet high resting upon an end of an overhanging plate girder. This seems to be a daring engineering feat, but there can be no question of its safety and security.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It would have been permitted to our grandfathers to speak of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens as a remarkable female. We are not suffered to call ladies females any more, and what we would say of Mrs. Stevens is that she was a very notable woman. Her departure is one of those events that set people to wondering how the earth manages to maintain its identity in the face of the constant shiftings and changes among the folks who dwell on it. In so far as to get what one wants is to succeed, Mrs. Stevens had great successes, and fairly earned them all. She not only got what she wanted, but she had abundance of fun with it after she had made it hers. There was little barren ideality about either her aspirations or her achievements. She had great courage, great energy, great force. She was very tough, very game, very able, very enterprising, exceedingly interesting, and, they say, impulsively generous and kind. If there is any woman in New York who in the past thirty years has experienced as many emotions as she did, the public does not know who she is. The public did know Mrs. Stevens, and it liked her a good deal and enjoyed her very much, especially when she went to court. It knew her at the opera, too, and on the street, and in various places, and has long regarded her as the greatest social spectacle that New York afforded. The town may sometimes have had her equal as a social personage, but not in her day. In so far as New York society is regarded as an organization for the edification of persons not in it, it has lost its most brilliant ornament. The Four Hundred, bereft of Mrs. Stevens and Mr. McAllister, may as well go back to the office and get a new number. It is still a great and interesting organization, but it is not *the* Four Hundred to which Mr. McAllister gave a name.

General McCook has prohibited gambling among the officers of the army in the Department of Colorado. As no exception is made in favor of poker, there is a good deal of speculation as to who will be set to see that the order is obeyed. It is supposed in the East, perhaps erroneously, that the only force that could be raised in Colorado that could be intrusted with such a duty would be one made up of officers' wives.

For purposes of revenue it may be worth while to write many poems that are good enough to sell, but for pur-

poses of fame it is better to write one really good one. Last week Boston had a great popular celebration in honor of the author of "America." Dr. Smith wrote other poems besides "America," but they were not necessary to his fame. A single felicitous achievement in verse, done in the heat of a lucky impulse in his youth, has given him a permanent place in the public memory.

If you can't hitch your wagon to a star, it is a good shift to connect it with the American eagle. He is a strong old bird, and flies high and stays up.

There are two great classes of readers—those who read to promote thought, and those who read to abate it. The latter class is the larger, of course, but the former is the more important. Readers of the first class know all about Dr. John Fiske, and such of them as live in New York have probably taken note already that he is giving a course of lectures during this present month of April at the Berkeley Lyceum on "Lessons of Evolution in Relation to Man." He lectures on all the Saturdays and some of the Wednesdays in the month at half past four, and tickets to hear him may be had of Mrs. Wood, at 22 East Forty first Street. Persons who seize this chance and attend diligently on what Dr. Fiske tells them will be better qualified thereafter to sit in judgment on such contemporaries as Mr. Nordau, Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Benjamin Kidd.

People who read *The Green Carnation* with sufficient intensity may remember that the misled youth therein who incurred a paternal rebuke telegraphed to his father in reply, "What a funny little man you are!" It came out in the Wilde-Queensberry trial that the original of this telegram was sent by Lord Alfred Douglas to the Marquis of Queensberry. No doubt Lord Douglas divulged his exploit as soon as he and Mr. Wilde had achieved it, and it straightway became current gossip in London and available for literary use.

A Berlin despatch to the London *Times* quotes some interesting sayings of Prince Bismarck. To some one who spoke of him as a happy man he replied that he had seldom been happy, and that if he could count up the moments of real happiness he had enjoyed in all his life they might perhaps amount to twenty-four hours. Political success had not brought him happiness, because he had not had leisure to enjoy it. Politics with him had been an incessant struggle, and the necessity of holding what was gained had always brought increased care with each success. In private life he said he had had moments of happiness, as in boyhood when he shot his first hare, and he had been happy later with his wife and children and as a farmer. He thought that to enjoy happiness one needed a peculiar temperament, like that of his old master, who had a mixture of the sanguine and phlegmatic temperaments. "It was often difficult to bring him to a determination, but once taken, houses could be built on it." Of him he said that clearness and tranquillity preserved his mind and disposition in the most harmonious equilibrium, and he added: "He placed truth above everything; and I also aimed at being truthful in my diplomatic career, but sometimes affairs required us both to diverge publicly somewhat from the truth. How hard that was for the old Emperor! He invariably blushed on such occasions, and I would not look at him, and turned quickly away."

The misery of the recent destruction of a lot of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's pictures by fire in Milwaukee is not even mitigated by the prospects of insurance money. Mr. Smith, who is so many desirable things, is a man of business among the rest, yet his pictures seem not to have been insured. No doubt he has some pictures left, and in that case he may find an advantageous precedent in the conduct of the Sibyl who got the price of her nine books for the three that she saved unburnt.

When Mark Twain scoffs at French morals Max O'Rell crushes him with the retort that the proportion of illegitimate children to legitimate ones is nine per cent. in Paris, twelve per cent. in New York, fifteen per cent. in Chicago, and more than that in San Francisco. But when the Health Board revises the figures for New York and cuts Max O'Rell's twelve per cent. in half, the retort loses very much of its force. There are figures and figures. Some do not lie, but upon others the habit of veracity never becomes fixed.

Mr. Smalley avers in the *Tribune* that Whistler's portrait of Lady Eden, which has proved a bone of such violent contention, was only a sketch twelve inches by six, and that the hundred guineas paid for it was a liberal price.

"Miss Braddon" is a widow. Her husband, Mr. John Maxwell, the publisher, died last month at Lyndhurst, near London, in his seventy-first year.

Andrew H. Green, Charles A. Dana, Oswald Ottendorfer, Chauncey M. Depew, Horace Porter, William Allen Butler, Elbridge T. Gerry, and Henry E. Howland are among the incorporators of the new Society for the Preservation of Scientific and Historic Places and Objects. Success to this timely and laudable society! Whatever it undertakes to do is likely to be worth doing and to be well done. If it did no more than to take good care of its own incorporators its charge would still include some of the most interesting historic objects in New York State.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts announces the offer, by Mr. William L. Elkins, of a prize of $5000 for the best work by an American painter to be exhibited at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia in December, 1895. It lies in the discretion of the jury to award the whole prize for a single picture or in two sums to the best two pictures.

The London *Spectator* praises Lord Rosebery for granting a pension of a hundred pounds a year to William Watson, and thinks he might also have conferred the laureateship on him without risking the condemnation of any judgment worth considering. It regards Swinburne as Watson's only rival, and thinks that not even the richness and melody of Swinburne's early plays could outweigh "the lofty and singularly crystal beauty of Mr. Watson's elegiacs and the delicate humor of his more familiar verse."

E. S. MARTIN.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN
is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris; PARK & TILFORD, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

WE recommend Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to those who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS,
May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga.

Similar letters from other mothers.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

Arnold Constable & Co

Oriental Rugs

PERSIAN,
INDIAN,
TURKISH,

Mats, Rugs, Whole Carpets,

JAPANESE AND CHINESE MATTINGS.

ANTIQUE RUGS

The finest collection offered in many years.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK CITY.

What is More Attractive
Than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it, use Pozzoni's Powder.

PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT

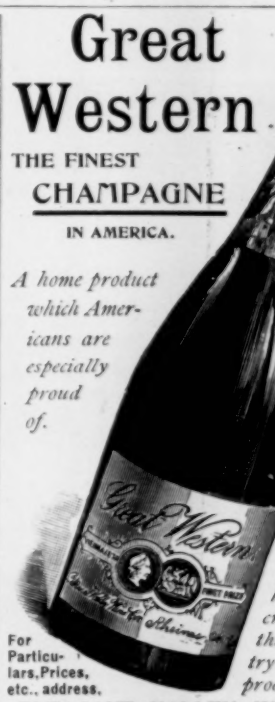
which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. **Sozodont** is in high favor with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

Pears'

Pears' soap is a reason for being clean, as well as the means.

Great Western
THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE
IN AMERICA.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.



Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., NEW YORK.
H. B. KIRK & CO., Agents, 69 Fulton St., N. Y., also Broadway and 27th St., N. Y.

ELECTRICITY
Mechanical and Architectural Drawing, Steam Engineering (Stationary, Marine, Locomotive), Plumbing, Heating, Bridge and R.R. Engineering, Mining, English Branches, Bookkeeping, etc.
Twenty Technical Courses. Send for free circular, stating subject you wish to study, to
The International Correspondence Schools, SCRANTON, PA.

TAUGHT BY MAIL

If afflicted with SORE EYES use DR ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

BEAVER LAKE
IN
YELLOWSTONE PARK
NEAR
OBSIDIAN CLIFF.

This spot is a gem in the PARK TOUR. The road winds along its eastern shore, at the base of the celebrated CLIFF of Natural glass, which is reflected in the waters of the lake.

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS TO CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS AGT. NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, ST. PAUL, MINN., FOR SKETCHES OF WONDERLAND.

Waverley BICYCLES

ARE WARRANTED.

The highest of all high grade machines built in the world, regardless of price. Our facilities are the best in the world for the production of the finest possible results. Every machine fully guaranteed. 21-lb. Scorcher, $85.00. Ladies' 22-lb., $75.00. *Catalogue free.*

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

Rae's Lucca Oil
The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."
"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY
Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.
S. Rae & Co.

MANUFACTURER
L. LEGRAND
11, Place de la Madeleine, 11
PARIS
General Agents for U.S.
PARK & TILFORD
917/919, Broadway
NEW-YORK
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS PERFUMERS AND FANCY GOOD STORES of U.S.

ORIZA-PERFUMES
IN LIQUID AND SOLIDIFIED FORM
LATEST NOVELTY
Violettes du Czar
FASHIONABLE PARIS PERFUME
for the HANDKERCHIEF

MONARCH
King of all Bicycles.

TRADE-MARK.
Five Styles. Weights, 18 to 25 Pounds.
Prices, $85 and $100.
MONARCH CYCLE CO.
Factory and Main Office, Lake & Halsted Sts., Chicago.
Eastern Branch: 97-99 Reade St., New York.
The C. F. Guyon Co., Ltd., Managers.

REMINGTON
BICYCLE
STANDARD of EXCELLENCE
You Can Depend Upon It.
Light, yet most durable—an "Up to Date" bicycle in every respect—many improvements exclusively Remington—science and art combined to make a perfect wheel—endorsed by experienced riders.
Prices, $100, $90, $75, $50.
Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue, giving full particulars—Free.
Remington Arms Co.,
313 and 315 Broadway,
Factories: Ilion, N.Y. New York.

We would not have expended
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
doing galvanizing, for which we made no extra charge, had there not been merit in it. Galvanizing consists in coating the strong but most perishable (in thin sheets) metal, steel, with the almost indestructible (even when very thin) metals, zinc and aluminum. If there were not great merit in galvanizing, no one would pay ½ more for galvanized barbed wire or sheet iron than ungalvanized costs. If we were making painted windmills to-day, we should furnish an
8 Ft. for $15
That is a good price for an 8-foot *painted* windmill.
WE BUILD FOR THE AGES. WE WOULD NOT SELL YOU A POOR, PAINTED WHEEL, NOR ONE MADE OF METAL GALVANIZED BEFORE BEING PUT TOGETHER, IF YOU WOULD PAY US DOUBLE PRICE FOR IT. We build the best we know, and knowing that painted thin sheets are practically worthless, we have nothing to do with them. The enormous cost of preparing to do galvanizing, and of doing it well on a large scale, deters others. SOME BUT GALVANIZED SHEETS AND PUNCH AND SHEAR AND MAKE THEM UP AFTERWARD. WHEELS OR VANES MADE OF GALVANIZED SHEETS RUST OUT FIRST AROUND THE RIVETS, JOINTS, AND EDGES, AND ARE, THEREFORE, NOT SO GOOD AS PAINTED ONES. *How any concern can get our prices for painted windmills and painted towers, or those made up of galvanized material, cut, sheared and punched after the galvanizing is done, can only be explained by the fact that people who buy them are ignorant of the value of galvanizing.* We now galvanize everything after it is completed, even bolts and nuts. We galvanize with the most improved processes and in the most perfect known and attainable manner.

The process: When a section of an Aermotor Wheel is all riveted up, completed and cleaned of rust and impurities, it is immersed in melted zinc and aluminum and left there until it becomes as hot as that metal, and until every crack, and opening of every kind is filled, cranny, crevice, pore and aluminum melted from one section become closed up and saturated with the whole, as molten metal, and soldered together as one piece, pieces composing the Wheel, Vane and Tower, then you have something that is strong, enduring and reliable. It is it is first put on, but after expensive to do, and small dears cannot afford to do it. a chemical combination or We keep 60 tons of zinc and melted and is practically aluminum melted from one indestructible. In our previous ad. we talked of year's end to another. *The silvery white coating which* prices of windmills, towers, etc., and as an *fills every pore and covers every portion of the Aermo-* illustration of what we could do in the way of *tor Wheel, Vane and Tower,* REDESIGNING AN OLD ARTICLE AND PUTTING IT IN INFINITELY SUPERIOR SHAPE AT A RIDICULOUSLY SMALL PRICE, ANNOUNCED THE OFFER OF AN ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH $40 AS PRICES GO, AT $10. IN OUR NEXT AD. WE SHALL OFFER YOU SOMETHING OF STILL GREATER INTEREST. **Aermotor Co.,** Chicago.

FORSTNER
AUGER BIT.
It bores round, oval, and square holes as smooth and polished as a gun barrel. Especially adapted for fine carpentry, cabinet, or pattern work.
Sample sent on receipt of **55 cents.** Liberal discounts to the trade. Send for price-list. For sale by all Hardware Dealers.
THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.,
818 and 815 Broadway, - - - New York.

LAUTIER Fils
OLIVE OILS
Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Only gold medal ever obtained.
Geo. Lueders & Co., N. Y., Wholesale Agents.

LADIES WHO DESIRE THE VERY BEST PERFUME FOR GENERAL TOILET USE ALWAYS BUY
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
REMEMBER HOWEVER THAT WHILE THERE ARE NUMEROUS SO-CALLED FLORIDA WATERS THE NAME ORIGINATED WITH THE GENUINE ARTICLE WHICH IS
MURRAY & LANMAN'S

"Improvement the order of the age."

IF YOU PUSH
hard enough you are bound to succeed; but you must have the machine that makes hard pushing easy. We have pushed
The Smith Premier
to the highest point of typewriter excellence. Experts like it for speed, amateurs because it keeps in order. You'll be surprised at the difference between this and other typewriters.
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.
Branch Offices in all leading cities. Catalogue mailed on application.

The Automatic Reel

The Little Finger Does it.
It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. *Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.*
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
YAWMAN & ERBE,
Please mention this paper. Rochester, N.Y.

DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums
New, scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 101 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. 1122 Broadway, New York.

We have **Demonstrated Beyond a Doubt** that a high grade Standard Type-bar Writing Machine can be sold at a Reasonable Price. In writing, mention *Harper's Weekly* and ask for catalog "F," and actual specimen of illuminated work.

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.,
Twenty-third and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Diseases of the **EYES** Dr ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Crescents AGAIN lead in '95.

$75 No 1 FOR MEN 28 in WHEELS. 23 lbs.
No 4 FOR LADIES 26 in WHEELS. 22 lbs.

We invite *you* to examine every detail of the *Crescents*, and compare them with other wheels listed at higher prices.
The result will be *another Crescent rider.*

$40 No 6 FOR GIRLS 24 in WHEELS. 23 lbs.
No 3 FOR BOYS 24 in WHEELS. 21 lbs.

CRESCENT

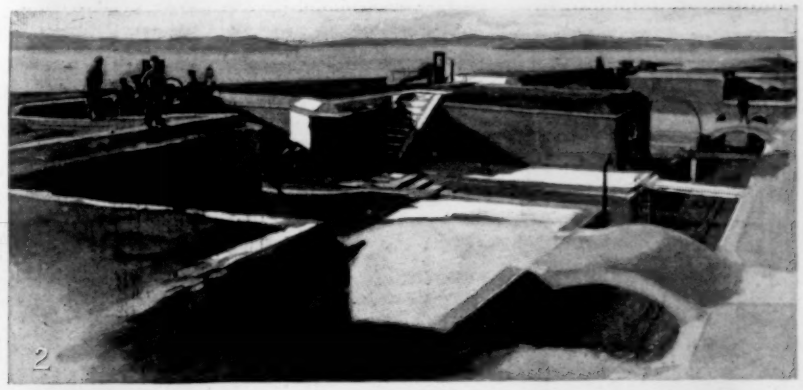
BICYCLES

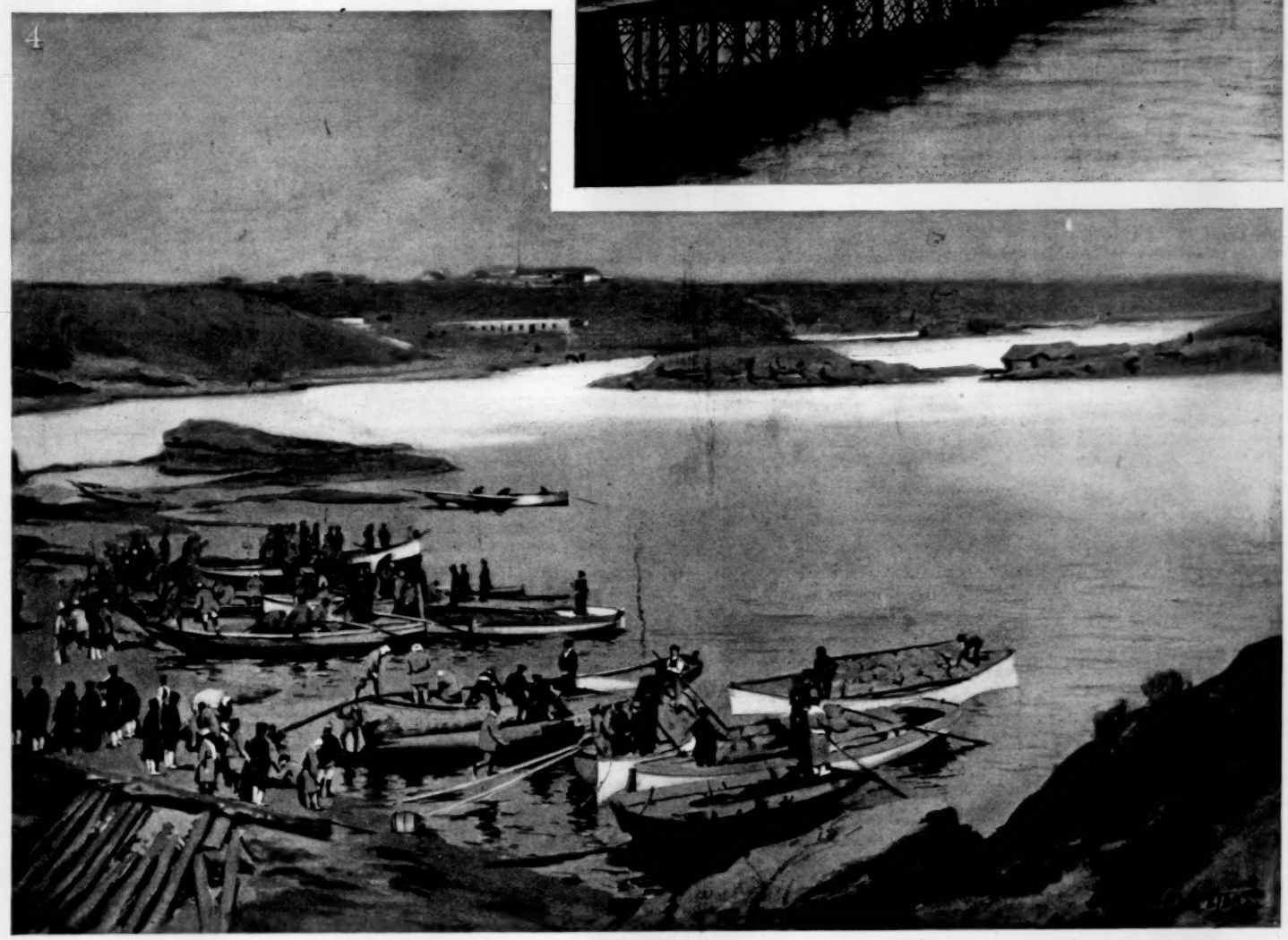
$50 No 2 FOR YOUTHS 26 in WHEELS. 21½ lbs.
No 5 FOR MISSES 26 in WHEELS. 24 lbs.

Crescents are made of the finest material obtainable, handsomely finished, and weigh from 20 to 24 pounds according to size and model.
Money cannot buy better.

CRESCENT Scorcher
28 in. WHEELS. 20 lbs.
$90 A RELIABLE LIGHT WEIGHT MACHINE FOR EXPERIENCED RIDERS

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE FREE. **Western Wheel Works** CHICAGO. NEW YORK.



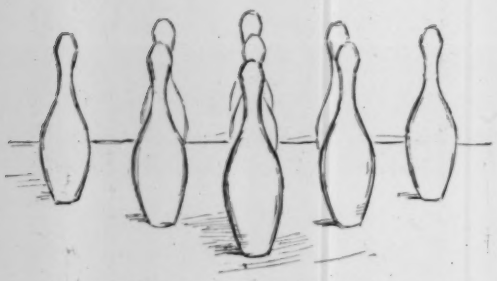


THE WAR IN THE EAST—OPERATIONS OF THE JAPANESE FORCES.—From Official Photographs taken for the Japanese Government.

1. Provisions and Ammunition for the Second Army landed at Hwayuan-Kow. 2. Interior of the Hoshang Fort in Talienwan Bay, taken by the Second Japanese Army. 3. Landing-Pier constructed by Japanese in Talienwan Bay; Japanese Transports at Anchor. 4. Landing Ammunition and Provisions at Hwayuan-Kow. 5. Japanese Sailors working Machine-Gun during a Naval Battle. 6. Remains of the Chinese War-Ship *Yan-Wi*, destroyed by a Torpedo during the Battle of Yalu.

AMATEUR SPORT

BOWLING.



PINS SET FOR THE GERMAN NINE-PIN GAME.

DESPITE its indisputable monotony, bowling holds the interest of its devotees with as much firmness and constancy as the Scotchman shows for his favorite sport. In fact, the old saying that "once a golfer, always a golfer," might well be appropriated by the enthusiasts of the "wooden sphere." The game is essentially an American one, though its parentage may be traced to the English "bowls," a game more like curling or shuffleboard than the American imitation. While bowling has met with little favor outside of this country, and is played extensively in few parts even here, the boom it has received within the last five years has convinced the most sceptical of its permanency.

The Germans have a game very similar to our sport, the chief point of difference lying in the formation of the pins. Only nine pins are used, and they are set in the form of a square, with one of its corners presented to the bowler, while in the American game ten pins are used, the formation being triangular. Even the Germans over here, however, have deserted their style of play for ours, and have become expert at the American sport.

Spectators are almost unknown to bowling, and interest is only aroused by actual participation in the sport. Few on-lookers are seen at even the most important matches, and the monotony of the play is undoubtedly responsible for this fact. Hence the game has practically no professional aspect, and keeps its place among the other purely amateur pastimes. As alleys are costly to build and do not bring high rents, it is impracticable to run them without other sources of income. In connection with saloons they are generally profitable, and the majority are found under buildings used for this purpose.

THE DUTCHMAN'S BRIDGE.
The most difficult spare that can be made.

For this reason, perhaps, the better classes of city residents—and the game is largely confined to the cities—have not taken very favorably to the sport. There are numerous exceptions to this, of course, and there are many clubs which meet regularly at these alleys under the chaperonage of eminently respectable people. Several clubs have been formed from the *élite* of New York society, as well as from the best classes in other large cities. For such patronage, which brings a greater income, there are a few alleys built and run without saloon connections. There is a building in New York devoted exclusively to lawn-tennis and bowling, and the investment is said to be a profitable one.

But few of such clubs as patronize these and similar alleys take much real interest in bowling for the sport's sake, and their members simply use the game as an excuse for social gatherings.

On the other hand, most of the other class of clubs—and the chief distinction between the two classes is whether they admit women or not—which bowl at the alleys under saloons, take great pride in their skill, and competition is the chief attraction to the members. Many of them form teams from their more expert players, and inter-club team matches are of frequent occurrence. They have their own individual tournaments for members, while high averages in the season's scores stir up much additional interest. Handicaps are very easily adjusted by the concession of pins from the better players, to be added to the scores of the less experienced bowlers.

New York is the bowling centre of the country, and there are to be found by far the greatest number of players. From the beginning of the season in October till April, and sometimes into May, tournaments are in constant progress at the best-known alleys. Many of these are open to teams from all clubs, and the entrance fees are used to buy prizes for the winners. The standard teams are of five men each, though in one or two of the tournaments ten-men teams bowl. A few individual tournaments are generally held each winter, which are open to all comers, but none has yet been recognized by all as the championship event.

The most important of the tournaments held this season are the American National Tournament, the Athletic League Series, the Brooklyn National Tournament, the Brooklyn Inter-Club Tournament, and that of the American Amateur Bowling Union. In each of these, as in some of the smaller leagues, high scores are often rolled. Eight hundred is about the average, although 850 is frequently reached, 900 occasionally, and 950 a few times each season. The names of some of the teams are rather amusing. One team is suggestively called the Always Dry. Ours, Grip, Hippercanute, Jollies, Night Owls, Qui Vive, and Jokers are the dignified titles of some of the other teams in the tournaments. The bicycling clubs have their own league and tournament, as have also the athletic clubs, the dry-goods trade clerks, the bank clerks, the drug trade clerks, the Young Men's Christian Association branches, and other trades and sects.

Foremost among the clubs which admit women to membership is the Knickerbocker Bowling Club, of New York. This is formed from the most exclusive society of the metropolis, and its regular weekly meetings are among the fashionable functions of the social season. A committee of ladies is invariably on hand to receive the members and their friends, and tea and gossip are as freely dispensed as at the most formal "four until seven." The elaborate toilets of the ladies and the stiff linen of the men make a mockery of the sport, and less than half of the members really bowl at all. The few who do bowl, do it in a half-hearted way, and the scores seldom live longer than it takes to complete the "string" and rub them from the score-board. "Dead wood" is frequently allowed, and the "foul-line" is seldom respected. The pins, too, are larger than the regulation size, and are set a little closer together, while some of the alleys are "grooved" down the centre by constant use so as to make a slow ball started in the proper channel almost certain of fair success.

Withal, the members of the Knickerbocker Bowling Club do try for good scores occasionally, and some of the men and a few of the women are really interested in the sport, and bowl well. A handsome silver challenge cup is competed for at the end of each season, the women receiving a handicap of twenty-five pins in each game from the men. Some of the scores that are given out on these occasions, however, would be simply marvellous if bowled under regular conditions. I was told that one or two ladies thought nothing of rolling two hundred, while many of the men made even better scores than that quite regularly.

As a social organization which caters to the athletic fad now prevalent in New York society, the Knickerbocker Bowling Club is a great success, but as a bowling club less can be said in its favor. There are over 250 members, and they hire all of the twenty-one alleys in the Tennis Building for every Wednesday afternoon throughout the season.

During Lent, when dancing and other social diversions are tabooed, bowling clubs are quite the fad, and the Tennis Building alleys are in great demand. But the game itself, its science and its possibilities, does not concern this class of players. Only those who bowl for good scores, and play the sport for the sport's sake, have the desire or the patience to study out the theories of the most skilful play, and then apply them to practice.

One peculiarity of the game is that the greatest monotony lies in the most expert playing, and that which requires the greatest skill affords the poorer results in the score. The original formation of the pins never varies, and therefore there can be very little variety in the way in which they may all be knocked down with one ball and a "strike" scored. Every experienced player adopts a certain method of trying for this result, which offers the highest possible score, and seldom, if ever, varies from his set habit. It is when all the pins have not fallen with the first ball, and the second is rolled, that the greatest skill is required in displacing the rest and scoring the next highest count, a "spare." Here the greatest combinations and variations that the sport affords are shown, for when the third ball is rolled there are seldom enough pins left standing to require anything more than accuracy of delivery.

MAKING A DIFFICULT THREE-PIN SPARE.

The method of scoring frequently puzzles the uninitiated, yet it is simplicity itself. The game consists of ten "frames" of three balls each. The ten pins are set up for each frame, and the second and third balls are used only if the first does not knock all the pins down. Each pin upset counts a point, and as there are thirty balls to a game, and each ball can count ten points, the possible score of the game is three hundred. But the peculiarity which puzzles so many lies in the scoring of strikes and spares. When all the pins are knocked down with the first ball of a frame, and a strike is scored, the other two balls of the frame are not rolled. Instead the results of the next two balls are counted in that frame as well as in their proper places. Should a second strike be made, the third ball of the first frame and the second ball of the second frame are held over to the first ball of the third frame. In this way a strike following two other strikes is counted three times, once in each of the frames involved.

A spare is counted when the pins are all displaced with the first two balls of a frame. The result of the first ball of the following frame is then added to the ten of the spare to complete the frame. It is called a "break" when all three balls are required, or when some still stand after the second ball has been rolled. Once understood, the method of scoring is as simple as the game. Each frame is entitled to the net results of three successive balls, and the pins are set up only once for each frame. If a strike is made in the tenth frame, the pins are set up again, and a third time if necessary, to allow the player to complete the three balls of his last frame.

PINS SET FOR "COCKED HAT."

The most skilful bowler scores strike after strike with monotonous regularity, though few men have ever succeeded in making the possible of three hundred points. This can only be done with twelve successive "strike" balls. Eight of them are counted three times, two of them twice, and two only once. To score even two hundred one can make but few breaks. Alternate strikes and spares throughout the string can produce no better score than this, and "double headers" are necessary to exceed those figures. But it behooves the bowler who cares for his score to make the spare if his first ball goes wrong, for nothing ruins a string so quickly as breaks after "credits." In this second or spare ball lies the greatest skill of the game. One must not always bowl down the middle of the alley, as is the case with the first ball, and as many of the combinations of pins can be made in more than one way, some study is often required beside the mere accuracy of delivery.

A THREE-PIN SPARE.
Not quite so easy as it looks.

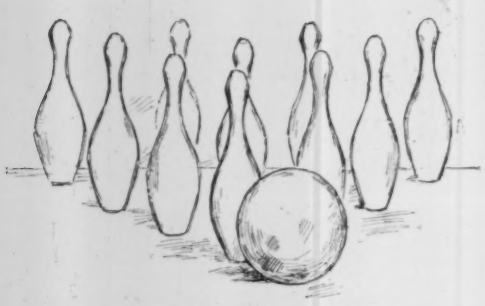
The "side" and curved balls have been most widely adopted by good bowlers as less likely to produce bad "splits" than the old centre ball, which is rolled straight down the middle of the alley to either side of the head pin. The one danger that must be avoided above all others is ploughing through the centre of the pyramid of pins and leaving some on either side of the alley. This is the tendency of the centre ball when it strikes the head pin too full, and the result is that it leaves either the most difficult or impossible spares. The side or curved ball, on the other hand, almost invariably clears one side of the alley when it fails of a strike, and the remaining pins generally offer an easy spare. The chances of a strike from the preferred balls, too, are fully as strong as those from the centre ball, if not stronger.

The "Dutchman's bridge" and the "light-house" break are perhaps the two worst leaves that can possibly follow a ball that has ploughed through the centre of the pyramid. The former can be made sometimes by the most skilful bowlers, but the latter is impossible. The third pin in front of one of the corner pins of the "light-house" break makes it possible to reach both corners with one ball, by forcing the forward pin across the alley to the opposite corner.

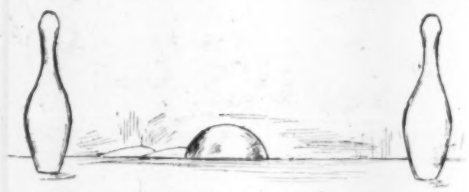
Some of the common spares, which look easy at first glance when the dead wood is cleared away, are very deceptive. Notable among these is one illustrated here, and others offering the same formation of three pins. A strike ball will almost invariably leave the second pin of such combinations in just the same way that the "king pin" will be found standing alone after a side ball which has hit the head pin a little too thin. These spares must be made by hitting the first pin quite full, though not directly in the centre, else the last pin will remain standing.

But precepts for spare bowling are not very valuable, and actual experience is the only practical teacher. The study of just such deceptive combinations of pins for the spare ball, taken with the vigorous and healthful exercise and the strong spirit of competition which always enters into the sport—in contradistinction to the game—is the fascination which the favorite pastime of old Hendrick Hudson holds for its devotees.

J. PARMLY PARET.



"A PERFECT STRIKE" BALL.



A "LIGHT-HOUSE" BREAK.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(REVISED BY THE NEW RULES.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

Brain Workers

pronounce

VIN MARIANI

THE IDEAL TONIC

Unequaled by anything in Fortifying, Strengthening and Refreshing

Body and Brain

Mailed Free.

Descriptive Book with Testimony and

Portraits

OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

Beneficial and Agreeable.
Every Test Proves Reputation.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for 'Vin Mariani.'
At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

MARIANI & CO.,

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford Street. 52 W. 15th St., New York.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

Tailor-Made Garments

Cut to Measure and Made to Order

FIT AND FINISH GUARANTEED

We are Manufacturers at Wholesale, and by selling you direct save you the Jobbers' and Retailers' profits. We will mail you our New Spring Catalogue, which illustrates the latest styles in

Tailor-Made Cloth Suits, from $6.00 up.
Tailor-Made Jackets, from $4.00 up.
Tailor-Made Capes, from $1.50 up.

Bicycle Suits, Duck Suits, etc., etc., with a collection of cloth samples to select from, a measurement diagram and a tape measure, on receipt of four cents postage.

☞SPECIAL.—We make this season a full line of Silk and Crepon Skirts.

We also sell cloth by the yard. We pay Express Charges. Please mention *Harper's Weekly*.

THE HARTMAN CLOAK CO.
21 Wooster Street, New York City.

ASK FOR THIS BRAND.

Absolutely pure. Unequaled for all persons with a delicate and tender skin.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agts.

EMERSON PIANOS

60,000 SOLD

43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SWEET TONED.

SOLD ON MERIT.

MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE. Every Instrument Fully Warranted. *Catalogues Free.*

EMERSON PIANO CO. 92 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
116 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

H. C. CURTIS & SONS
Colossus
TRADE MARK

SOLD BY FURNISHERS 25c

FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

Asthma The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. **Cure Guaranteed or No Pay.** Export Office, 1164 Broadway, New York. For Large Trial Case, FREE by Mail, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 132 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If afflicted with SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE-WATER

Turn it Upside down. Drink it all. There are no dregs.

The success of over one hundred years of brewing is embodied in

Evans' India Pale Ale.

The drink for all who love good things.

Allowed two years to ripen in the Wood before bottling.
Rich as Cream.
Without Sediment.
Free from False Ferments.

For Sale Everywhere.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewery and Bottling Works,
HUDSON, NEW YORK.

Oil

smoothes the fibres of leather inside so they slip easily on one another. Dry fibres cut each other apart; the leather cracks if not oiled with

Vacuum Leather Oil.

It won't mend broken leather, but will keep it from cracking.

25c. worth is a fair trial—and your money back if you want it—a swob with each can.

For pamphlet, free, "HOW TO TAKE CARE OF LEATHER," send to
VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N. Y.

DIXON'S No. 679

Cycle Lubricant

is a solid stick of peculiarly rich and soft graphite that will save wear of chain and greatly add to ease of running. It is far superior to anything heretofore offered cyclists. **Sample, postage paid, 15 cts.**

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Box D-9, Jersey City, N. J.

Food is **fuel** to the **body.**

"Best" Tonic, Pabst Malt Extract, secures perfect consumption of this fuel; hence perfect health, strength and beauty. It soothes the most wakeful to delicious slumber. At Druggists.

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D.,
MAHLON HUTCHINSON, M.D.,
Physicians-in-Chief.

Fourteenth St. and Sheridan Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The HAMMOND SANITARIUM

For Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Skin.

The HAMMOND ANIMAL EXTRACTS, **Cerebrine, Medulline, Cardine, Testine, Ovarine,** and **Thyroidine** (*Isopathy*), are largely used in the treatment; also Baths, Douches, Static, Galvanic, and Faradaic Electricity—in fact, all recognized scientific methods for the cure of disease. For full information and pamphlet, address either

Dr. HAMMOND or Dr. HUTCHINSON.

Correspondence with physicians requested.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893. *Exact Size.*

DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y. *Perfecto.*

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI GUM

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $104,000,000. Assets, $27,049,118.95.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.

TOILET POWDER — CH. FAY, *Inventor*

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.

GOUT?

For Sale by Druggists.

PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S

PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

Why She Bought

Clitheroe

Zephyr.

"It was this way. Sue Gibbs told me about these fashionable plaids, but I thought I must have an imported Scotch Gingham even if it did cost so much more, and went down to select it. Right at the store door I met Sue in the *sweetest* gown.

'How swell you are, Sue!' said I, 'but I see you bought the imported gingham after all.'

'Oh, no, this is my Clitheroe,' said Sue, and I went right in and bought two Clitheroes, and they are the prettiest dresses I have. This is one of them."

One of the celebrated Parkhill Fabrics, which are the standard Wash Goods of the country.

Parkhill Mfg. Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

"Pride of the West

is the best muslin for pillow slips and shams."

Made in 41 and 45 inch widths.
For sale by all retail Dry Goods Dealers.

A record of over half a century is a guarantee that cannot be questioned.

Every article used in

PHOTOGRAPHY

may be obtained from us.

CAMERAS

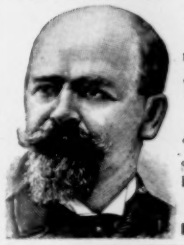
in every style, at all prices.

FREE. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE on application.

"Anthony's Photographic Bulletin," per year, $2.
"The International Annual for 1895," 75 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.

Beeman Chemical Co.
19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

I do use WRIGHT'S ANTISEPTIC MYRRH TOOTH SOAP, and I do have BEAUTIFUL TEETH and a sweet breath. Preserves the enamel. Heals the gums. Removes tartar. It's entirely free from acids, and all smart Dentists recommend its constant use. We're not afraid to send you a trial sample free. Write. Large box for 25 cents in stamps. LOOK OUT! There are imitations.

WRIGHT & CO., Chemists
Detroit, Mich.